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# THE GRATEFVLL SERVANT. A Comedie.

As it was lately presented with good applause in the private House in Drury-Lane.

*By her Majesties Servants.*

---

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

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— *Usque ego postera  
Crescam laude recens.*

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LONDON:  
Printed by I. Okes for William Leake, and are to be  
sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neare the  
Roules. 1637.



TO THE RIGHT  
Honourable, FRANCIS Earle  
of RUTLAND, &c.

My most Honour'd L O R D :

Book 316 Oct 19 35.  
**W**hen the Age declineth from her primitive vertue, and the Silken wits of the Time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledg'd Master, learned JOHNSON) disgracing Nature, & harmonious Poësie, are transported with many illiterate & prodigious births, it is not safe to appeare without protection. Among all the names of Honour, this Comedy oweth most gratitude to your Lordship, whose cleere testimony to me was above a Theater, & I applaud the dexterity of my Fate, that hath so well prepared a Dedication, whether my onely ambition would direct it. I am not pale to thinke it is now expos'd to your deliberate censure; for 'tis my security, that I have studi'd your Lordsh:ps Candor and know you imitate the Divine nature which is mercifull above offence. Goe on great Lord, and be the volume of our English honour, in whom while others, invited by their birth, and quickned with ambitious emulation, read and study their principles, let me bee made happy enough to admire, and devote my selfe,

Your Lordships vt o fl humble creature :

JAMES SHIRLEY.

To my learned friend James Shirley  
Upon his Gratefull servant.

Present thy worke unto the wiser few  
I hat can discerne and judge: 'tis good: 'tis new:  
Thy stile is modest, soeane high, and thy verse  
So smooth, so sweet, Apollo might rehearse  
To his owne Lute; be therefore boldly wise,  
And scorne malicious censures, like flies  
That tickle, but not wound, thy well-got fame  
Cannot be soild, or can't thou merit blame,  
Because thou dost not swell with mighty rimes,  
Audacious metaphors, like verse like times.  
Let others barke, keepe thou poetick lawes  
Deserve their envy, and command applause.

John Foxe.

---

To his knowne friend M<sup>r</sup>. Shirley upon  
his Comedy, the Gratefull servant.

Who would write well for the abused stage,  
When onely swelling words doe please the age?  
And malice is thought wit to mak't appeare  
They judge they mis-interpret what they heare.  
Rough Poems now usurpe the name of good,  
And are admired, but never understood:  
Thee and thy straines I vindicate, whose pen  
Wisely disdaines to injuce lines, or men;  
Thou hast prepared dainties for each taste,  
And art by all that know thy mule embrac'd:  
Let purblinde criticks still endure this curse,  
To see good plaies, and ever like the worse.

John Hall.  
Ingenioffimo

*Ingeniosissimo amico Ja. Sherleio.*

**M**ater Dædala nil polivit, huius  
Matris mimaq; nil dolavit altum :  
(Si totum e synodis tulere sacris  
Et musarum Hierarchia, & sororum  
Triga & Castalius latex rigavit)  
Quod non dilaniantque, lancingantque  
Momi insulsa tribus, nepotulique.  
Ergo per charites, noven fileisque  
Divas interpidibus nihil morare  
Si qui te lacerentque verberentque  
Quis Shirlie tuos iocos lepores,  
Accentus thymelis sonos theatri,  
Mellitos globulos, facetiasque,  
Verborum veneres, Cupidinesque,  
Acetum, sesamum, sales, piperque,  
Captus non veneratur osculatur  
Est divum nisi stoicum affecutus.  
Supra nos homines severiores.  
Laudent fulmina ; vorticesque quales  
Volvit gurgite tauri formis Ister,  
Vocum monstraque pectinesque solis.

*Velint*

*Velint cum Semele modos tonantes  
Quos quum non capiant, stupent adusti  
Sed tu macte animo, tibique plaudet,  
Ride fulminis acta flagra bruti,  
Laurus te tua temporum corona,  
Intactum dabit: intonent Theones.*

**T**Vsh I wil not beleeve, that judgments light  
Is fixt but in one spheare, & that dull night,  
Muffles the rest, the dimmest lampe of sky  
Hath some unborrowed lustre, so may I,  
By which I may discern, thy muse doth towre  
'bove common hight, and make the clouds her  
Then in the higher pitch see her anon (bowre  
Reach Ariadnes Crowne, and put it on,  
And there installed ravish with her shine  
The god of Poets, not the god of wine.  
Thy Helicon is pure, and is distild (are fild  
Through as cleere pipes, which run, when they  
Briske Nectar. Phebus hardly can devine  
Which issues are his owne, & which are thine.

*Cba. Aleyn.*

*Amicissime*



Amicissimo suo Sherleio.

**F**ons o'ffuditur ille Pegasus  
Et parnassia transilice septa  
Incundas vetat opimosque vates  
Eustos Tartarie triformis Aula;  
Te Crux postulet Hercules, feraq;  
Quem raptrum puto Cei bernu Charoni;  
Musarum statuisse Janitorem;  
Tu Sherleio Potes, favente Musa  
Latrantem triplici canem boatin  
Tutus spernere: Terreat minores;  
Olim Pyrithonum peremis ille,  
Servum non perires tuum, fidelem  
Gratum, Psychoq; chariorem  
Dulcis fabula, dulciorq; servus  
Et tu dulcior omnibus Poeta  
Quales, quas eputas uterq; fundit?  
Istis deliciis parare fas est  
Crudas mormoresq; sawesq;  
Et que molliculos (amico) dentes  
Gaudent frangere duci oce morsu:  
Qui ferrum chalybemq; strubiones  
Et mil pretecia copulare maligno;  
Tam fortis stomacho placere noli;  
Nec Sherleio places: Dapes ministras  
Incundas, facilesq; milleq;  
Conditas sala, gratia, lepore.  
I laurum pete, quam merere totans.  
Nec te terreat iste quis Poetis  
Iam Minos Rhadamanthus, Eacusq; est  
Et si quis numeratur inde quartus,

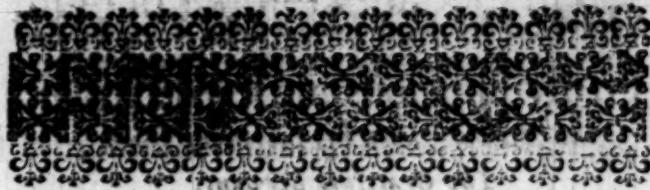
*Quasitor dubia tremendus urua:  
Sphinx Parnassia quomu sinemur omnes  
Te viso velut oedipo tremiscat.  
Sicut se feline Gryphos, ut illa Nectie.*

Tho. Randolph.

**I**Cannot fulminate or tonittuate words  
To puzzle intellects, my ninth lass affords  
No sycophronian buskins, nor can straine  
Garagantuan lines to Gigantize thy veine.  
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies  
Are terra del fo' gods or incognitae,  
Thy Pegasias in his admir'd carreere,  
Curvets on Capreols of nonsense here.

**W**nder not friend, that I doe entertaine  
Such language, that both thinke and speake so plaine:  
Know I applaud thy smooth and even straines,  
That will informe, and not confound our braines.  
Thy Helicon, like a smooth streame doth flow,  
While others with disturbed channels goe,  
And headlong, like Nile Cataracts doe fall,  
With a huge noyse, and yet not heard at all.  
When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage  
Gives it a soule from from the immortall rage.  
I heare the Muses birds with full delight,  
Sing where the birds of *Mar's* were wont to fight:  
Nor flatter I, thou knowst I doe abhorre it;  
Let others praise thy play, Ile love thee for it;  
That he that knowes my friend shall say, he has  
A friend as gratefull as his servant was.

Tho. Randolph.



## To my friend Mr. Shirley upon his *Comedy.*

**L**et others that before thy booke take place  
VVrite in thy praises, I will not disgrace  
The time so much; our Criticks shall not lay,  
But I will finde some errors in thy play:  
Thou art too little jealous of thy Muse,  
Her beanti's seene too free, she doth not use  
To weare a maske or veile, which now a dayes  
Is growne a fashior; for in many plaies,  
*Apollo* scarce can to himselfe give light.  
To view the Muse, or read the meaning right:  
Thy fancies are too pleasing, *Cupid* feares  
To loose his tribute paid in Sighes and Teares,  
VVhilst lovers make their peace with thy conceit;  
'Tis hainous, and thy lauguage is too neat,  
Which even to me, that am thy friend, affords  
Leave to report there's witch-craft in thy words,  
Though to the stage it would be thought blest harme;  
Might it be still bewitcht with such a charme.

*Ro. Stapyton.*

To my Judicious and learned friend  
the Author, upon his ingenious Poem,  
*The Gratefull Servant.*

To  
Hough I well know, that my obscure name  
Listed with theirs, who here advance thy fame,  
Cannot adde to it, give me leave to be  
Among the rest a modest votary  
At the altar of thy muse, I dare not raise  
Giant *Hyperbolize* unto thy prale,  
Or hope it can finde credit in this age,  
Though I shold tweare in each triumphant page  
Of this thy worke, there's no line but of weight,  
And Poesie it selfe shewne at the height,  
Such common places, friend, will not agree  
With thy owne yote and my integrity  
Ile steere a midde way, have cleare truch my guide,  
And urge a prale which cannot be denyde.  
Here are no forc'd expreſſions, no rack'd phrase,  
No Babell compositions to amaze  
The tortur'd Reader, nobeleev'd defence  
To strengthen the bold Atheists insolence,  
No obscene syllable, that may compell  
A bluſh from a chaste maid, but all so well  
Expreſt and ordered, as wise men must say,  
It is a gratefull Poem, a good play:  
And ſuch as read, ingeniously ſhall finde,  
Few have ouerſtript thee, many halt behinde.

*Philip Maffenger.*

To



## To my deserving friend Mr. James Shirley, upon his *Gratefull Servant.*

I Doe not praise thy straines, in hope to see  
My verles read before thy Comedy ;  
But for it selfe- that cunning I remit  
To the new tribe, and Mountibankes of wit  
That martyre ingenuity, I must  
Be to my conscience and thy Poem just,  
Which grac'd with comely action did appeare  
The full delight of every eye and eare,  
And had that stage no other play it might  
Have made the criticke blush at cock-pit flight,  
Who not discovering what pitch it flies,  
His wit came downe in pity to his eyes,  
And lent him a discourse of cocke and bull  
To make his other commendatiōns full :  
But let such Mom: passe, and give applause  
Among the brood of actors, in whose cause,  
As Champion, he hath sweat, let their stale pride  
Finde some excuse in being magnified,  
Thy Muse will live, and no adulterate pen  
Shall wound her, throug the sides of common men  
Let em unkennell malice, yet thy prale  
Shall mount secure, bell cannot blast thy bayes.

*Tho. Craford.*

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To



*To my friend the Author.*

MY name is free, and my rich cloathes commend  
No deform'd bounty of a loser friend,  
Nor am I warme i'th Sunshine of great men  
By guilding their darke sinnes, truth guides my pen:  
Bright justice therefore bold by me, doth say  
Mans understanding feeles no such decay  
But it may judge, and while the soule of wic  
Lives bodied in the stage, spectator sic:  
Old nature's ever young, and 'twere a crime  
Gainst reason, to averter our agedtime  
Is sicke w th dotage: which doth still impart  
To th' bettered world new miracles of art.  
I must applaude thy scenes, and hope thy Stile  
VVill make *Arabia* envious of our Ile.  
Confesse us happy since th'ast given a name  
To the English *Phanix*, which by thy great flaine  
VVill live, in spite of malice to delight  
Our Nation, doing art and nature right.  
Goe forward still, and when his muse expires  
VVhose English, stains the *Greeke* and *Latin* lires  
Divinest *Ionion*, live to make us see,  
The glory of the stage reviv'd in thee.

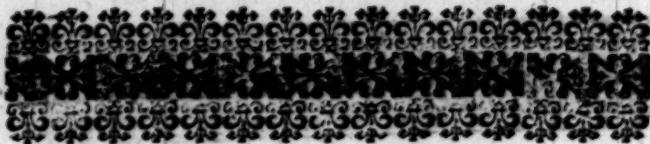
*William Habington.*



*The Author to the Reader.*

**H**e reason why my Play commeth forth usherd by so many lines, was the free vote of my friends, whom I could not with civility refuse. I dare not owne their character of my selte, or play, but I must ioyne with them that have written, to doe the Comedians iustice, amongst whom, some are held comparable with the best that are, and have beene in the world, and the most of them deserving a name in the file of those that are eminent for gracefull and unaffected action. Thus much Reader I thought meet to declare in this place, and if thou beest ingenuous, thou wilt accuse with me, their bold severity, who for the offence of being modest, and not iustling with others for the wall, have most iniuriously thrust so many actors into the Kennell----now----

*Panduntur porta Iuvat ire-----*



## Persons.

**D**VKE of *Savoy*, lover of *Leonora*, and in her supposed loss of *Cleona*

*Lodwick*, his brother wilde and lascivious.

*Foscari*, a noble Count, and lover of *Cleona*.

*Grimundo*, a Lord, and once governour to *Lodwick*.

*Soranzo*.

*Giose.* } Noble men of *Savoy*.

*Fabriccio.*

*Piero*, Companion of *Lodw.*

*Iacomo*, a foolish ambitious steward to *Cleona*.

*Valentio*, a religious man.

*Abbor.*

*Gent.*

*Servants.*

*Satyres.*

*Leonora*, the Princesse of *Millan*, but disguis'd as a Page to *Foscari*, and cald *Dulcino*.

*Astella*, a vertuous Lady, wifeto *Lodw.* but neglected.

*Belinda*, wife to *Grimundo*.

*Cleona*, *Foscaries* Mistresse.

*Ladies.*

*Nymphes.*

The Scene *Savoy*.

THE

# THE GRATEFVLL SERVANT.

## ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Enter Soranzo, Giotto.*

*Giotto.*

He Duke is mov'd.

*Sor.* The newes displeas'd him much.

*Giot.* And yet I see no reason why he should  
Engage so great affection to th' Daughter  
Of Millan; he ne're saw her.

*Sor.* Fame doth paint  
Great beauties, and her picture (by which Princes  
Court one another) may beget a flame  
In him to raise this passion.

*Giot.* Trafta a pencil;  
I like not that State-woing: see his Brother  
Has left him. Pray my Lord how is it with  
His Highness?

*Lodw.* Somewhat calmer. Love I thinke  
Will kill neither of us: although I bee  
No Stoicke, yet I thank my Starres I have

*Enter*

*Lodwick.*

B

*The Gratefull Servant.*

A power o're my affection, if he'se not  
Tame him, let it melt him into Sonnets,  
He will prove the more loving Praise to you.  
Get in againe, and make wise ipeaches to him,  
There is ~~Striffoles~~ Ghost stull with him,  
My Philosophicall Governoour that was:  
He wants but you two, and a paire of Spectacles,  
To see what folly 'tis to love a woman  
With that wicked resolution to marry her.  
Though he be my elder Brother, and a Duke,  
I ha more wit: when there's a dearth of women  
I may turne foole, and place one of their Sexe  
Neerer my heart: farewell, commend me to  
My Brother, and the Councell-Table.

*Exit.*

*Sor.* Still the same wild Prince, there needs no character  
Where he is, to expresse him.

*Giot.* He said truth;  
I doubt there is no roome for one, whom he  
Should place in's heart, and honour.

*Sor.* His owne Lady  
All pity her misfortune, both were too  
Vnripe for Hymen, 'twas the old Dukes act,  
And in such marriages hearts selidome meet  
When they grow older.

*Giot.* Wherfore would the Duke  
Marry his young sonne first?

*Sor.* The walke of Princes,  
To make provisyon betimes for them:  
They can bequeath small legacy, knowing th'heire  
Carries both state and fortune for himselfe,  
'Tis fate's before him, herecomes *Grimundo*!

*Enter Grimundo,*  
*Duke is recollected, where's the Prince?*

*He return'd once to himselfe.*  
*Too soone forgot your precepts.*

*Sw.*

*The Grateful Servant.*

*Sor.* Your example might still be a Lecture,  
*Grim.* I did not deceive the old Dukes trust  
While I had power to manage him,  
Hee's now past my tuition, but to the Duke ----  
Is it not strange my Lord, that the young Lady  
Of *Millan*, should be forc'd to marry now, with  
Her Uncle?

*Giot.* They're unequal!

*Sor.* 'Tis unlawfull.

*Grim.* 'Tis a trifle, reasons of State they urge  
Against us, least their Dukedom by this match,  
Be subject unto *Savoy*, for the scruple  
Of Religion, they are in hope that  
A Dispensation may be procur'd  
To quit exceptions, and by this meanes  
They shall preserve their Principality,  
I'th name and blood, so reports *Fabrichio*  
Whom the Duke employed for Treaty : how now?

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* The Duke calls for you my Lords.

*Giot.* We attend,

Ha? he is comming forth.

*Enter Duke and Fabrichio.*

*Sor.* His looks are cherefull.

*Duke.* *Fabrichio*?

*Fabr.* My Lord.

*Duke.* We will to *Tennis*.

*Fabr.* What your Grace please.

*Duke.* *Grimundo*?

Becaille you take no pleasure in such pastimes,  
Your contemplation may busie it selfe with that booke.

*Grim.* Booke my Lord, it is--

*Duke.* *Leonora's* picture, a faire Table-booke,  
You may without offence to your young wife  
Looke on a picture.  
I ha perusid it, let me see't no more.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Millan* and we are parted, our breast weares  
Againe his naturall temper, allow me pray  
The excuse of common frailty, to be moved  
At strangenesse of this newes.

*Giot.* Your Highnesse said,  
You would to Teanis.

*Duke.* And'tis time enough,  
We have the day before us: some Prince *Grimundo*  
In such a case as this would have beene angry,  
Angry indeed, throwne of cold language, and  
Call'd it a high, and loud affront, whose stirring  
Imagination would have wakened Death,  
And by a miserable warre, have taught  
Repentance, to a paire of flourishing States,  
Such things there have beene?

*Sor.* But your grace is wise ----

*Duke.* Nay doe not flatter now, I doe not Court  
Your praise so much, I speake but what our stories  
Mention, if they abuse not soft posterity:  
I was not come to tell you, what my thoughts,  
With a strong murmure prompt me too.

*Grim.* Wee hope ----

*Duke.* Yee feare, and doe not know me yet, my actions  
Shall cleare your Jealousie, I'me reconcil'd  
At home, and while I cherisht a peace here,  
Abroad I must continue it, there are  
More Ladies i'the world?

*Fabr.* Most true my Lord.

*Duke.* And as attractive great, and glorious women,  
Are there not, ha?

*Sor.* Plenty my Lord i'the world.

*Duke.* I'the world, within the confines of our Duke-  
In Savoy, are there not? (dome

*Grim.* In Savoy too.

Many choife beauties, but your birth my Lord --

*Duke.* Was but an honour purchas'd by another,

The Gratefull Servant.

It might have beene thy chance.

*Grim.* My Father was  
No Duke.

*Duke.* Twas not thy fault, nor ist my vertue,  
That I was borne when the fresh Sunne was rising,  
So came with greater shadow into life,  
Then thou, or hee.

*Grim.* But roiall Sir be pleas'd ----

*Duke.* No more, we are not ignorant, you may  
Take away this distinction, and alledge  
In your grave wisedomes, specious arguments,  
For our alliance with some forraigne Prince,  
But we have waighed their promising circumstance,  
And find it onely a device, that may  
Serve time, and some darke ends, a meere state tricke,  
To disguise hatred, and is empty of  
Those benefits, it leemes to bring along :  
Give me a Lady borne in my obedience,  
Whose disposition, will not engage  
A search into the nature of her Climate,  
Or make a scrutinie into the Sarres :  
Whose language is mine owne, and will not need  
A smooth Interpreter, whose vertue is  
Above all titles, though her birth or fortune,  
Be a degree beneath us, such a Wife  
Were worth a thousand farre fetcht Brides, that have  
More state, and lesse Devotion.

*Fabr.* If your Highnesse ----

*Duke.* Come you shall know our purpose, in the last  
We obey'd your directions, not without  
Our free and firme allowance of the Lady  
Whom wee'l forget, it will become your duties,  
Follow us now, we have not beene unthriftey  
In our affections, and that *Millar* may  
Know *Savoy* can neglect a Millanoise,  
And that we need not borrow a delight.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Here we are fixt to marry.

*Grim.* We are subjects,  
And shall solicite Heaven, you may finde one  
Worthy your great acceptance.

*Duke.* We are confident,  
And to put off the cloud we walke in, know  
We are resolv'd to place all love and honour  
Upon *Cleona*.  
Nor is't a new affection, we but cherish  
Some seeds, which heretofore her vertue had  
Scattered upon our heart.

*Grim.* We cannot be  
Ambitious of a Lady, in your owne  
Dominion, to whom we shall more willingly  
Prostrate our duties.

*Soran.* She's a Lady of  
A flowing sweetnesse, and the living vertue  
Of many noble Ancestors.

*Giot.* In whom  
Their fortunes meeete, as their Prophetick soules  
Had taught them thrifty providence, for this  
Great honour you intend her.

*Duke.* We are pleas'd,  
And thanke your generall vote:  
You then shall straight prepare our visite, beare our  
Princely respects, and say we shall take pleasure  
To be her Guest to day: nay lose no time,  
We shall the sooner quit the memory  
Of *Leonoraes* Image.

*Enter Lodwick.*

*Soran.* The Prince your Brother Sir?

*Duke.* Withdraw, but be not at too much distance.  
*Lodwicke.* Y'are welcome.

*Lodw.* I shall know that by my successe, I want  
A thousand Crownes, a thousand Crownes.

*Duke.* For whatuse?

*Lodw.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Lod.* Why will these foolish questions ne're be left,  
Is not sufficient I would borrow em,  
But you must still capitulate with me?  
I would put em to that use they were ordain'd for;  
You might as well have ask't me, when I meant  
To pay you againe.

*Duke.* That to some other men  
Might ha beene necessary.

*Lodw.* And you wo'nt  
Doe that, I have another easie suite to you.

*Duke.* What is't?  
*Lodw.* A thing of nothing; I wo'd intreat you:  
To part with this same transitory honour,  
This trifle call'd a Dukedom, and retire  
Like a good Christian Brother, into some  
Religioushouse, it would be a great ease to you,  
And comfort to your friends, especially  
To me, that would not trouble you with the noise  
Of money thus, and I could helpe it.

*Duke.* Tis a kind and honest motion, out of Charity,  
Meere Charity, so I must needs accept it---  
Ile onely marry, and get a boy, or two,  
To governe this poore trifle, for I me bound  
In duty, to provide for my succession.

*Lodw.* What doe you make of me, cannot I serve?  
*Duke.* You that preound a benefit for my soule,  
Wo'nt neglect your owne I know: we're both  
Turne Fryers together?

*Lodw.* And be lowsie?

*Duke.* Any thing.

*Lodw.* I shall not have a thousand Crownes?

*Duke.* Thou shalt.

*Lodw.* Then be a Duke still; come, lets love, and be  
Fine Princes: and thou hadst but two or three;  
Of my conditions, by this hand I wo'd noe  
Care and thou wert immortall, so I might.

*The Grasefull Servant.*

Live with thee, and enjoy this worlds felicity.

*Duke* T'haſt put me in tune, how ſhalſt be very merry  
Now in the instant?

*Lodw.* Merry?

*Duke* Yes.

*Lodw.* Merry indeed?

*Duke* Yes.

*Lodw.* Follow me,

Ile bring you to a Lady.

*Duke* To a Whore.

*Lodw.* That is a little the courſer name.

*Duke* And can you play the Pander for me?

*Lod.* A toy, a toy.

What can a man doe leſſe for any brother?

Th' ordinary complement now a dayes, with great ones,

We proſtitute our ſisters with leſſe ſcruple

Than eating fleſh on vigils; 'tis out of fashion

To truſt a ſervant with our private ſinnes;

The greater eye of blood, the greater faſhion,

And therefore Parents have beene held of late

The ſafeſt wheeles on which the childrens luſt

Has huryed into aſt, with ſupple greatneſſe.

Nature doth weare a veruous charme, and will

Doe more in ſoft compassion to the ſinne,

Than gold or ſwelling promiſes.

*Duke* O *Lodwicke*!

These things doe carry horror, he is lost

I ſcarce; no I haſt thought of ſomething elſe,

You ſhall with me to a Lady.

*Lodw.* With all my heart.

*Duke* Vnto my Miftrefſe.

*Lodw.* Your Miftrefſe, who's that?

*Duke* The faire *Cleona*.

*Lodw.* She is honest.

*Duke* Yes, were ſhe otherwise, ſhe were not worth my viſit,  
Not to loſe circumſtance, I love her.

*Lod.*

*The Gratefull Servants.*

[ *Lodw.* How ?

*Duke.* Honestly.

*Lodw.* You do not meane to marry her ?

*Duke.* It sha'nt be my fault if she refuse  
To be a Dutchesse.

*Lodw.* A'my Conscience,  
You are in earnest.

*Duke.* As I hope to thive in desires, come  
You shall beare me company, and witnesse  
How I woe her.

*Lodw.* I commend  
Your nimble resolution; then a Wife  
Must be had somewhere, wo'd y'ad mine, to coole  
Your appetite, take your owne course, I can  
But pray for you; the thousand Crownes—

*Duke.* Upon condition, you'l not refuse, to  
Accompany.

*Lodw.* Your Careach quickly — stay—  
Now I thinke better on't, my Wife lives with her,  
They are companions, I had forgot that ?

*Duke.* Shee'l take it kindly.

*Lodw.* It were enough to put her  
Into conceipt, I come in love to her;  
My Constitution will not beare it.

*Duke.* What ?  
Not see her ?

*Lodw.* Yet a thousand Crownes — God buy  
Condemne me to my Wife.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Yee heare Gentlemen ?

(suffrance.

*Grim.* With grise my Lord, and wonder at your

*Duke.* He is our Brother, we are confident  
Though he be wild he loves us, 'twill become  
Vst pray and leave him to a missele,  
But to our owne affaire.

Love and thy golden Arrow, we shaltry,  
How youle decide our second Destiny.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Enter Foscary with a Letter.*

*Fosc.* A kisse, and then tis sealed, this she would know  
Better then the impression, which I made,  
With the rude signet, tis the same she left  
Vpon my lip, when I departed from her,  
And I have kept it warme still, with my breath,  
That in my prayers have mentioned her.

*Enter Dulcino.*

*Dulc.* My Lord?

*Fosc.* Dulcino welcoime, thou art soone return'd:  
How doft thou like the City?

*Dulc.* Tis a heape of handsome building.

*Fosc.* And how the people?

*Dulc.* My converlation hath not age enought  
To speake of them, more then they promise well,  
In their aspect, but I have argument  
Enough in you my Lord, to fortifie  
Opinion, they are kind, and hospitable  
To strangers.

*Fosc.* Thy indulgence to my wound,  
Which owes a cure unto thy pretty Surgery,  
Hath made thee, too much Prisoner to my chamber,  
But we shall walke abroad.

*Dulc.* It was my duty?  
Since you receiv'd it in my cause, and could  
My blood have wrought it sooner, it had beene  
Your balmy Fountaine.

*Fosc.* Noble youth, I thank thee.  
How now, didit speake with him?

*Enter Serv-  
ant.*

*Ser.* I had the happynesse my Lord to meete him  
Waiting upon the Duke abroad, he bad me,  
Make halfe with the remembrance of his Service:  
Heele bring his owne joyes with him, instantly,  
To welcome your retурne.

*Fosc.* Didst thou request

*His*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

His secrestie?

*Ser.* I did, he promis'd silence.

*Fosc.* So, Ile expect him, thou art sad *Dulcino*,  
I prophesie thou shalst have cause, to blesse  
The minute, that first brought us to acquaintance.

*Dulc.* Doe not suspect my Lord, I am so wicked,  
Not to doe that already, you have saved  
My life, and therefore have deserv'd that duty.

*Fosc.* Name it no more, I meane another way.

*Dulc.* It is not in your power, to make me richer,  
With any benefit, shall succeed it, though  
I should live ever with you.

*Fosc.* I require,  
Not so much gratitudo.

*Dulc.* There is no way  
Left for my hope, to doe you any service,  
Neere my preserving, but by adding one  
New favour, to a suit, which I would name,

*Fosc.* To me, I prethee speake, it must be something  
I can deny thee.

*Dulc.* Tis an humble suit,  
You license my departure.

*Fosc.* Whither?

*Dulc.* Any whither.

*Fosc.* Doe you call this a way to doe me service?

*Dulc.* It is the readiest I can study Sir;  
To tarry were but to increase my debt,  
And wast your favours, in my absence, I  
May publish, how much vertue, I have found  
In *Savoy*, and make good unto your fame.  
What I doe owe you here, this shall survive you,  
For I will speake the story with that truth,  
And strength of passion, it shall doe you honour,  
And dwell upon your name sweeter then Mythe,  
When we are both dead?

*Fosc.* Thou hast art, to move

*The Grasfull Servant.*

In all things, but in this, change thy desire,  
And Ile deny thee nothing ; doe not urge  
Thy unkind departure, thou hast mett perhaps,  
With some that have deceiv'd thee with a promise,  
Wome with thy pretty lookes and presence, but  
Trust not a great man, most of them dissimble,  
Pride, and Court cunning hath betrayed their faith,  
To a secure Idolatry, their soule  
Is lighter than a complement ; take heede,  
They le flatter thy too young ambition,  
Feed thee with names, and then like subtle Chymists  
Having extracted, drawne thy spirit up,  
Laugh, they have made thee miserable.

*Dulc.* Let

No jealousie my Lord, render me so  
Vnhappy, that preferments or the flatteries  
Of any great man hath seduc'd my will  
To leave you, by my life, and yow owne honour,  
No man hath tempted me, nor have I chang'd  
A syllable with any.

*Fofc.* Any man ?

Still I suspect thy safety ?  
And thou mayst thus deceive me, it may be,  
Some wanton Lady hath beheld thy face,  
And from her eyes shot *Capide* into thine,  
To abuse that light, or wrought upon thy frailty,  
With their smooth language to undoe thy selfe,  
Trust not the innocence of thy soule too farre,  
For though their bosomes carry whisoneffe, thinke,  
It is not now, they dwell in a hot Clymate,  
The Court, where men are but deceitfull shadows,  
The women, walking flames ; what if this Lady  
Bestow a wealthy Carkonet upon thee,  
Another give thee Wardrobes, a third promise  
A chaine of Diamonds, to deck thy youth,  
'Tis but to buy thy vertue from thee, and when

Thy

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Thy out-side thrives, upon their treacherous bounty  
Th'out starve at heart, and lust will leave thy body  
Many unpityed ruines, thou art young--

*Dulc.* There is no feare my Lord, that I shall take  
Such wicked courses, and I hope you see not  
Any propension in my youth, to sinne  
For pride, or waneorneffe.

*Fosc.* Indeed I doe not,  
But being my boy so young, and beautifull,  
Thou art apt to be sedus'd.

*Dulc.* Beleeve me Sir,  
I will not serve the greatest Prince on earth  
When I leave you.

*Fosc.* Thou shalt not serve me, I  
Will make thee my companion.

*Dulc.* No reward,  
Though just, should buy the freedome I was borne with,  
Much lesse base ends, if I but mette agen  
That good man, who in reverence to his habite,  
The theeves let goe before your happy valour  
Came to my rescue.

*Fosc.* He that was your Conduct  
From *Millan*, for so---if I remember  
You named a Father, what could he advantage  
Your fortune, were he present, more, than with  
Religious Councell?

*Dulc.* I did trust him Sir,  
As being the safest treasurer, with that  
Would make me welcome in *Savoy*, and  
I know he will be faithfull, when we meete.  
For his sake let me beg you would discharge  
A worthlesse Servant, that inquest of him--

*Fosc.* No more, to cut off all unwelcome motives,  
I charge thee by thy Love, thy Gratitude,  
Thy life preserv'd, which but to stay thee heere,  
I would not name agen; urge no consent

*The Gratefull Servant.*

From me, to thy departure, I have now  
Use of thy faith, thou wo't not run away ;  
I have inmployment for thee, such a one  
As shall not only pay my services,  
But leave me in arrerage to thy love.

Receive this letter.

*Enter Grimundo.*

Let me embrace thee with a spreading arme.

*Grim.* I have dispens'd with my attendance on  
The Duke, to bid you welcome Sir from death ;  
Fame so had couz'nd our beliefe, but thus  
She has made you the more precious.

*Fosc.* Then I prospered,  
If I may call it so, for I procur'd  
That rumour to be spread, excuse a minute,  
He tell thee all my Counsels, I need not  
Waste any instructions on thee *Dulcino*,  
For the conveyance of this paper, let me  
Commend it to thy care, 'tis to my Mistresse,  
Conceale my lodgings, and doe this for him  
Will study noble recompence.

*Dul.* You command me.

*Exit.*

*Grim.* What pretty youth is that ? sure I have seen  
That face before.

*Fosc.* Never, I brought him first  
To Savoy, having brought him from the  
Banditti, in my passage ore the Confines :  
Is't not a sweet fac'd thing ? there are some Ladies  
Might change their beauties with him.

*Grim.* And gaine by it.

*Fosc.* Nay, to his shape he has as fine a Soule,  
Which graceth that perfection.

*Grim.* You ha' not

Beene long acquainted with him ?  
In Phisnomy : beleieve my Character,  
He's full of excellent sweetnesse.

*Grim.* You expresse him

*Fosc.* I have skill

Passionate-

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Passionately.

*Fosc.* His vertue will deservc  
More praise, he suffers sic for love,in that  
He is a gentleman;for never could  
Narrow and earthly mindes be capable  
Of Loves impression, or the injury ---  
He willingly forsooke his friends and Country,  
Because unkindly for unworthy ends,  
They would have forc'd him marry against his heart.  
He told me so himselfe, and it were sinne  
Not to beleeve him : but omitting these,  
How fares the best of Ladies, my *Cleona*?

\**Grim.* Your *Cleona*?

*Fosc.* Mine,she is in affection,  
She is not married?

*Grim.* No.

*Fosc.* Shee is in health?

*Grim.* Yes.

*Fosc.* There is something in thy looks,I cannot  
Read by thy owne glorie, and make me know  
That doubtfull text,to whom hath she given up  
The hope of my felicity,her heart,  
Since my too fatall absence?

*Giot.* Unto none,  
Within the circle of my knowledge.

*Fosc.* Then  
I am renew'd a gen, may thy tongue never  
Know sorrowes accent.

*Grim.* Will you presently  
Visit her?

*Fosc.* I have sent a letter, to  
Certifie, I am still her loving servant.

*Grim.* No matter,weele be there before the boy,  
There is necessity,if you knew all:  
Come lets away.

*Fosc.* Agen thou dost afflict  
My Soule with jealousie,if she have still

The

*The Gratefull Servant.*

The cleare possession of her heart --

*Grim.* But you are  
Dead Sir, remember that.

*Fosc.* I shall be living,  
And looke enough present my selfe her frende  
And active Lover.

*Grim.* If the Duke be not  
Before you. *Fosc.* How?

*Grim.* The Duke, 'tis so resolv'd,  
Your riviall, if you still affect *Cleone*,  
Within this houre, he meanes his first felicite  
And personall siege ; loole not your selfe with wonder,  
If you neglect this opportunity,  
She having firme opinion of your death,  
It will not be a miracle, if the Title  
Of Dutchesse be a strong temptation  
To a weake woman.'

*Fosc.* I must thanke your love,  
And Counsell, but for this time dis-ingeage  
Your further stay with me, the Duke may misse you,  
Preserve his favour, and forget me in  
Your conference, I would be still conceal'd ;  
Let me consider on my fate, agen  
I thanke you, and dismisse you.

*Grim.* Quiet thoughts  
Dwell in your breast, in all things I obey you ;  
You know you have my heart.

*Fosc.* Shee's but a woman :  
Yet how shall I be able to accuse her  
With any justice, when she thinks me dead.  
The Duke, I must doe something, I am full  
Of discord, and my thoughts are fighting in me.  
From our owne army must arise our feare,  
When Love it selfe is turn'd a Mutincere.

ACTVS

*The Gratefull Servants.*

ACTUS 2, SCENA 1.

Enter *Isacomo*, the *Steward*, and  
*Servants*.

*Isac.* So, so, yet more perfume, y'are sweet Servingmen, make every corner of the house smoake, bestirre your selves, every man know his Province, and be of vicious to please my Lady, according to his talent; have you furnish't out the banchet?

*Serv.* Most Methodically.

*Isac.* Tis well, here should have beeene a fresh suite of Arras, but no matter, these beare the age well, let 'em hang.

*Serv.* And there were a Maske to entertaine his High-nesse?

*Isac.* Hang Maskes, let every conceite shew his owne face, my Lady would not disguise her entertainment, and now I talke of disguising, where's the butler?

*Butl.* Here Sir.

*Isac.* Where Sir? tis my Ladies pleasure that you bee drunke to day, you will dealt her wine abroad the more liberally among the Dukes servants, you two are tall fellowes, make good the credit of the Buttery, and when you are drunke I wil send others to relieve you: go to your stations, if his Grace come higher a Sater to my Lady, as we have some cause to suspect, and after marry her, I may be a great man, and ride upon a reverend Moyle by patent, there is no end of my preferment; I did once teach my Lady to dance, she must then teach me to rise: for indeed it is just, that on-ly those, who get their living by their legs, should ride upon a Foot-cloth.

*Serv.* Here's a young Gentleman desires to speake with

*The Gratefull Servants.*

with my Lady.

*Iac.* More young gentlemen? tell him I am busie.

*Ser.* With my Lady.—

*Iac.* Busie with my Lady Sir?

*Serv.* Would speake with my Lady Sir?

*Iacob.* I ha not done with my Lady my selfe yet, hee shall stay, tis for my Ladies sake, no time to interrupt my Lady; but now I le know his businesse, and taste it for my Lady, If I like it she shall haue more, but bid him come to me, me thinkes I talke like a peremptory Statesman already, I shall quickly leaue to forget my selfe when I am in great office; I will oppresse the Subject, flatter the Prince, take bribes a both sides, doe right to neither, serve heaven as farre as my profit will give me leave, and tremble only at the summons of a Parliament.

Enter *Dulcino*.

Hum, a Page, a very Page, one that would wriggle and preferre himselfe to be a wag, tis so, have you any letter of commendations?

*Dulc.* I have a Letter Sir,

*Iac.* Let me see the complexion of the face, has it a handsome Title Page, is it *Stilo novo*?

*Dulc.* I have command fir, to deliver it  
To none but to my Lady.

*Iac.* A forward youth, I like him, he is not modest, I will assist his preferment, to engage him to my faction, a speciaill Court policy, see my Lady.

Enter *Cleona, Astella, Belinda*.

*Cleon.* Yet stay *Belinda*—

*Bel.* I beseech you Madam

Allow excuse to my abrupt departure.

There is a businesse of much consequence,

And which you will not mourne to see effected.

Besides the duty that I owe my Lord,

Com-

The Gratefull Servant.

Compels me to it Madam.

*Cleon.* Well, but that.

We are acquainted with your vertue, this

Would moove suspition you were not in

Charity with the Duke.

*Belind.* You are pleasant Madam.

*Cleon.* You are severe to binde your selfe too strictly

From Court and entertainments, sure your Lord

Should chide you for it.

*Astol.* If it please you stay,

Your Ladiship and Ile converse together,

My unkinde Fate hath indisposed me,

To these state ceremonies too.

*Bel.* You will obliege me by your pardon?

*Cle.* Use your pleasure.

*Aff.* Nay you shall give me leave a little further,  
Here I am useleffe. *Exeunt. Astol & Belinda.*

*Iac.* May it please you Madam,

This pretty Gentleman has a suite to you,

And I in his behalfe will be serviceable

And active in his place, a friend of mine.

*Dule.* Your Steward Madam is too full of zeale

To doe me a preferment, but I have

No other ambition, than to command

This paper to your white hands.

*Jac.* Never doubt,

Tis done, be bold and call me fellow.

*Cleon.* Be

You circumspect I pray, that all things have

Their perfect shape and order to receive

The Duke: you know our pleasure, not to spare

Or cost or studie to delight his highnesse.

*Jac.* I hope I have not beeene your Steward so long,

But I know how to put your Ladiship

To cost enough without study.

*She reads.*

*Cleon.* Shall I credit,

*The Gratefull Servants.*

So great a blisse? the date is fresh, *Foscari*  
Whom I thought dead? give him five hundred *Crownes*.

*Iac.* We will devide em.

*Cleon.* Stay.

*Iac.* You neede not bid,

I use make 'em stay, and long enough  
Ere they receive such bounties.

*Cleon.* Treasure is  
Too cheape a payment for so rich a meassage.

*Iac.* This is the right Court largeffe.

*Cleon.* I must call thee

My better Genius, have you knowne this youth?

*Iac.* If your Ladiship like him I have knowne him long,  
If otherwise, I ne're saw him in my life.

*Cleon.* The day breaks glorious to my darkned thoughts,  
He lives, he lives yet; cease yee amorous feares,  
More to perplexe me: prethes speake sweet youth,  
How fares my Lord? upon my virgine heart  
Ile build a flaming Altar to offer up  
A thankfull sacrifice for his returne  
To life, and me; speake and encrease my comforts:  
Is he in perfect health?

*Dule.* Not perfect Madam, until you blessethim with  
The knowledge of your constancy.

*Cleon.* O get thee wings and flye then,  
Tell him my love doth burns like vefall fire,  
Which with his memory, richer than all splices,  
Dispersed odours round about my soule,  
And did refreshit when twas dull and sad,  
With thinking of his absence.

*Iac.* This is strange,  
My Lady is in love with him.

*Cleon.* Yet stay,  
Thou goest too loone away, where is he speake?

*Dule.* He gave me no Commision for that Lady,  
He will soone save that question by his presence.

*Cleon.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Cle.* Time h'as no feathers, he walkes now on crutches,  
Relate his gesture when he gave thee this,  
What other words, did mirth smile on his brow,  
I would not for the wealth of this great world,  
He should suspect my faith, what said he prethee,

*Duke.* He laid, what a warme lover, when desire  
Makes eloquent could speake, he said you were  
Both starre and Pilot.

*Dleon.* Not to fast, my joyes  
Will be too mighty for me.

*Iac.* I have found it,  
That boy comes from the Duke, that letter love,  
'Twill be a match, and please your Ladiship ----

*Cleo.* Forbeare your Ceremonies, what needs all this  
Preparation, if the Duke vouchsafe  
His person for my guest, duty will teach me,  
To entertaine him without halfe this trouble;  
Ile have no ryot for his Highnesse.

*Iac.* Hum ?  
How's this.

*Cleona.* Be lesse officious, you forget ----  
Sweet yourh, goe forward with thy story.

*Iac.* Hum ?  
This is a Fayrie, and the Divell sent him  
To make my Lady mad, twere well to try  
Whether he be flesh and blood, ha, Ile pinch him first.

*Cleon.* How now ? *He pinches Dulcino.*  
*Iac.* My care shall see nothing be wanting, for  
Your honour, and the Dukes.

*Cleon.* Your place I see,  
Is better then your manners, gos too, be  
Lesse troublesome, his Highnesse brings intent  
Of grace, not burden to us, know your duty.

*Iac.* So, I were best keepe my selfe warme with my  
iwnе office, while I may, the Tide is turn'd I see with-  
n two Minutes, heare was nothing but looke to the

*The Gratefull Servants.*

Gallery, perfume the Chambers, what Musick for the Duke, a Banquer for the Duke, now, bee leſe officious, Wee'l have no riot for his Highnesse, tis this Vrchin his undone all our preferment.

*Cle.* The Sun's loy'd flower, that shauts his yellow curse.

When he declineth, opensit againe *(taine,*

At his faire rising, with my parting Lord,

I clos'd all my delights, till his approach,

It shall not spread it ſelfe.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Madam the Duke?

*Cleou.* Already.

*Enter Aſtella and Ladies.*

*Aſt.* He is entred.

*Cleon.* Doe not leave me,

I ſhall remember more.

*Enter Duke, Fabrisio, Soranzo Giorro.*

*Duke.* Excellent Cleena,

*Cleon.* The humble duty of a Subject to your Highnesse.

*Duke.* Rise high in our thoughts, and thus

Confirme we are welcome, to theſe eyes, our heart,

Shall pay a lower duty, then obedience

Hath taught your knee.

*Cleon.* Your Grace much honours me,  
Till this white houre, theſe walles were never proud,  
T'incloſe a guest, the genius of our house,  
Is by ſo great a preſence wak'd, and glories,  
To entertaine you.

*Duke.* Every accent falls  
Like a fresh Jewell, to encrease her valew,  
We can but thanke *Cleona.*

*Cleon.* Royall Sir---

*Duke.* Let me revoke that haſty ſyllable,  
But thanke thee; yes, we can doe more, and will,  
We have a heart to do't, our much griv'd Sister  
I know you doe not weare this ſadneſſe for  
Our preſence.

*Aſt.* If I've any ſkill in mine owne eyes,

*Since*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Since they beheld you, they have looked  
More cheerfully, then they were wont.

*Duke.* And yet I see a teare is ready to breake prison.

*Ast.* It is of joy to see you sir in health,  
I hope the Prince is well?

*Duke.* He will be so

*Astella.* when he leaves to be unkind  
To thee, but let's forget him,

*Dmje.* Fame ha's not  
Injur'd him, in the Character of his person.

And his shape promiseth a richer Soule,  
I feele a new, and fiery spirit dance,  
Upon my heart-strings.

*Duke.* We are come  
My faire *Cleona*.

*Cleon.* With your Highnesse pardon,  
That name was never so attended, it  
Becomes your bounty, but not me to weare  
That Title.

*Duke.* What? *Cleon.* Of faire my Lord?

*Duke.* I said you were my faire *Cleona* ---

*Cleon.* Sir?

*Duke.* I did apply,  
I hope't does not offend to call you so,

Y'are yet my Subject.

*Cleon.* When I leave that name, may Heaven ---

*Duke.* Be pleas'd to change it for a better.

*Cleona.* It cannot.

*Duke.* Doe not sin, tis in our power  
With your content, to worke that wonder Lady.

*Cleon.* I want my understanding.

*Duke.* Ile explaine.

*Cleona.* Doe not beleeve in youth, by all the faith  
Of Virgins, Ile not change my service, to  
Thy Master for his Dukedom.

*Duke.* Y'are too Noble.

*Duke.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Duke.* What boy is that? Ha *Giotto*?

*Dulc.* Madam, the Duke observes us.

*Dulc.* I ha teene high.

It is no common face.

*Sor.* My Lord we know not,

*Duke.* Where is *Grimando*?

*Girt.* Not yet come my Lord.

*Duke.* Send for him streight, and bid him bring the  
We gave into his keeping, yet forbears, (picture  
It is in vain,

*Sor.* My Lord, *Cleona* waites

Your farther Courtship.

*Duke.* Whither am I carried?

*Cleon.* I hope dread Sir, my house affords no object,  
To interupt your quier.

*Duke.* None but Heavenly,

Or could this roofe be capable of ill,  
Your onely presence Lady would convert it,  
There is a vertuous Magick in your eye,  
For wherefoere it casts a beame, it does  
Create a goodnesse, y'are a handome boy.

*Dulc.* The Duke is troubled?

*Cleona.* Hee's a prety youth.

*Dulc.* I hope he w's not take me from my Lady,  
Ile say I am her Servant.

*Duke.* Something bindes

My speech, my heart is narrow of a suddaine:

*Giotto* take some opportunity

To enquire that youths condition, name, and Country,

And give us private knowledge, to cut off

\*Circumstance Lady, I am not your fresh,

And unacquainted Lover, that doth waft

The tedious Moones with preparation

To his amorous fites, I have bene *Cleona*,

A long admirer of your vertues, and

Doe want the comfort of so sweet a Partner,

*Seranno*

*whispers with*

*Jacomo.*

*The Gratefull Servants.*

In your young state.

*Cleon.* You mocke your humble handmaid.

*Soran.* A stranger is it?

*Iac.* He brought some welcome Letter

To my Lady.

*Soran.* Not know his name, nor whence?

*Iac.* No my good Lord.

So so, I like this well,

My Lady does apply her to the Duke,

There is some hope, agen things may succeed;

This Lords discoursing with me, is an Omen

To my familiarity to greatnessse.

*Duke.* Grimundo not come yet? I am not well.

*Cleo.* Good heaven defend, Angels protect your highnes.

*Duke.* Your holy prayers cannot but doe me good.

Continue that devotion, Charity

Will teach you a consent to my departure.

*Cleon.* I am unhappy.

*Duke.* Make not me so Lady

By the least trouble of your selfe: I am

Acquainted with these passions, let me breath

A heart upou thy lip; farewell, agen

Your Parden.

*Exit.*

*Soran.* 'Tis a very strange distemper,

And suddaine: Noble Lady we must waite

Upon the Duke.

*Exeunt.*

*Iac.* My bud is nipt agen,

Would all the banquet were in his belly for't.

*Duke.* Let not my eyes betray me.

*Iac.* I'm fiske too;

Let not your Ladiship repent your cost,

We have a case the sweet meates be not lost.

*Exit.*

*Cleon.* Acquaint him with these passages of the Duke,

Tell him I long to see him, and at last,

To crowne the story, lay my heart shall know

No other Love but his.

*Duke.* I flye with this

Good newes.

*Exit D.* *Enter Iac.*

*The Grateful Servant.*

*Iac.* Madam here is Prince *Lodwicke*,  
Newly dis-coach'd.

*Cleon.* Attend him.

*Iac.* Most officiously.

*Cleon.* Stay, it can doe no harme.

*Af.* Eene what you please.

*Cleon.* If he enquire for his Lady, answer  
She is not very well, and keepes her chamber.

*Iac.* Ile say she's dead if you please, 'tis my duty:  
Ile never speake truth while I live that shall  
Offend your Ladiship.

*Cleon.* You may heare all, Enter *Lodwicke* and  
*Piero.*  
And when you please appeare.

*Lodw.* Sicke; where's her Doctor?  
Ile be acquainted with him, noble Lady.

*Cleon.* Your Grace is here most welcome.

*Lodw.* I am bold?  
*Pier.* I am happy that my duty to the Prince  
Brought me to kisse your hand.

*Cleon.* Beside the honour done to me, your person  
Will adde much comfort to ~~Amelia~~, your  
Weake Lady.

*Lodw.* She is sicke, mend let her mend, shee'll spend her  
time worse, yet she knowes my minde, and might doe mee  
the courtesie to dye once, I'd take it more kindly than to be  
at charge of a Physsitian.

*Cleon.* You wo'd not poyson her?

*Lodw.* I think I must be driven to't; what shall a man do  
with a woman that wo'nott bee ruled, I ha' given cause e-  
nough to breake any reasonable womans heart in *Saxony*, &  
yet you see how I am troubled with her, but leave her to the  
Destinies: where is my brother all this while? I came to  
meet him, what ist a match already? when shall we dance,  
and triumph in the Tilt-yard, for honour of the high and  
mighty Nuptials: where is he?

*Cleon.* My Lord he is gone.

*Lodw.* How?

*Cleon.* Distempered.

*Lodw.*

*The Gratefull Servants.*

*Lod.* Not with Wines?

*Cleon.* Departed sicke.

*Lodw.* She jesest him, by this lip Ile love thee, and thou wot abuse him, I knew he would but shame himselfe, and therefore durst not come with him for my owne credit, I w agrant he came fierce upon thee with some parcell of Poetry, which he had con'd by heart out of *Tasso Guarrini*, or some other of the same melting Tribe, and thought to have brought thy Maiden towne to his obedience at the first noyse of his furious Artillery.

*Cleon.* My Lord you understand me not, your brother Is not in health, some unkinde paine within him Compeld him to forlacke us.

*Lod.* Is it true

That he is sicke? my brother sicke *Piero*.

*Pier.* I am very well here.

1. *Lady.* So am not I, pray sir appeare more civill  
Or I shall leave you.

*Lod.* True?

*Cleon.* Tis too true my Lord.

*Lod.* No, no, truth is a vertuous thing, and we cannot have too much on't, d'ee heare, if I may counsel you be wise, and stay for me, you may be my wife within this moneth, and the Dutchesse too.

*Cleon.* Your wife my Lord, why you are married,  
What shall become of her?

*Lodw.* Is she not sicke?

*Cleon.* But are you sure sheele day?

*Lodw.* What a rediculous question do you make, if death wo'nt take a faire course with her, are there not reasons enoug' in state thinke you, to behead her; or if that seeme cruel, becaule I doe not affect blood, but for very good ends, I can be divorc'd from her, and leave her rich in the title of *Lady Dowager*.

*Cleon.* Vpon what offence can you pretend a divorce?

*Lod.* Because she is noe fruitfull; is not that a sinne?

*Cleon.* Would your Lordship have her fruitfull, and you Ne're lye with her?

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Lodw.* Have not I knowne a Lady, whose husband is an Eunuch upon Record, mother to three or four children and no free confidence but commends her?

*Cleon.* But these things wo'nt be easilly perfect, unlesse You were Duke to enforce em.

*Lodw.* Is not my brother in the way? sicke already, and And perhaps as fit for heaven as another, I know he cannot live long he's so well given, they never thrive, and then d'ee thinke Ile keep luch a religious Court; in this corner lodge a Covy of Capuchins, who shall zealously pray for mee without stockings, in that a nest of Carthusians, things which in fine turne to Otters, appeare flesh, bat really are fish, for that they feede on: no, no, give me a Court of flourishing pleasure, where delight in all her shapes, and studied varieties every minute eourts the soule to actuate her chiefe felicity.

*Cleona.* Doe yoe never thinke of hell?

*Lodw.* Faith I doe, but it alwaies makes me melancholy, and therfore as seldome as I can my contemplation shall poynthither; I am now in the spring of my life, winter will com on fast enough; when I am old I will be as methodicall an hypocrite, as any paire of Lawne sleeves in Savoy.

*Cleon.* I dare not heare him longer, Madam release me.

Enter *Astella*.

*Lodw.* How now, whence come you, were you sick?

*Ast.* At heart my Lord to thinke of your unkindesse.

*Lodw.* At heart, Ile nere beleeve without inspection: am I unkinde? goe to, theres not a friend in the whole world can wish you better; would you were canoniz'd a Saint, 'tis more than I wish my selfe yet; I do not trouble thee much on earth, and thou west in heaven I would not pray to thee, For feare of disturbing thy Seraphicall devotion.

*Ast.* What sinne have I committed deserves This distance?

*Cleon.* In Christian charity salute her.

*Lodw.* I would not have your Ladiship too ventrous, The ayre is somewhat cold, and may endanger A weake body.

*Astel.*

*The Gratefull Servants.*

*Af.* Ther's another duty my Lord required from husbands.

*Lodw.* My Madam would to rutte,hach yourhonour, no pretty dapper Monkey, each morning to give you a beat in a dapple, is not your Doctor gamesome?

*Af.* If the suspicion that I am unchaste—

*Lod.* Unchaste; by this hand I doe not know an honest woman in the Dukedom.

*Cleon.* How my Lord, what doe you thinke of me?

*Lod.* I know not whether you be a woman or no yet.

*Cleon.* Fye my Lord.

*Lodw.* What would you have me doe, I have not seehe her this sixe Moneths.

*Af.* O rather my Lord conolute my sufferings,  
Than thus with tortures lengthen out my death:  
Oh kill me, and I beseech you, I will kiss  
The instrument, which guided by your hand,  
Shall give my grieve a period, and prenuoce Enter *Grimo*  
With my last breath your free forgiveneſſe.

*Lod.* No, kill your ſelfe, more good will come out: how now? nay then w'are like to have a precious time on't.

*Cleon.* The Duke my Lord enquired for you.

*Grim.* I met His Highneſſie in returne, and he imployd me To bring backe knowledge of his better health; Which he ſayes ſhall enable him but to Exprefſe how much he honours faire *Cleona*.

*Cleon.* I am his ſtudious ſervante, and rejoyce In this good newes: your brother is recovered.

*Lodw.* I I, I knew he would doe well enough: new ſir?

*Grim.* I have ſome buſineſſe with you my Lord, Were you at opportunity.

*Lodw.* Some morall exhortations, they are fruitleſſe, Shall never eat garlick with *Diogenes* in a Tub, and ſpeculate the ſtarres without a ſhirt: preſtice enjoy thy religion, and live at laſt moſt Philofophicall Iouis.

*Grim.* My deſigne is of another naſtive.

*Cleona.* May I obtaine ſo great a favour Sir, You'd be my guest in abſence of the Duke;

I me

*The Gratefull Servant.*

I me but ambitious to remember  
His health in *Greece*-wine.

*Lod.* So this Lady will be temperate, and use me but  
like a stranger, without pressing me to inconveniences of kis-  
sing her, and other superstitious Courtship of a Husband.

*Cleon.* I will engage sheelet not offend you.

*Lod.* And yet it goes against my conscience to tarry so  
long in honest company, but my comfort is I doe not use  
it: come away *Piero*, you have had a fine time on't.

*Cleon.* My Lord.

*Grim.* I follow Madam, yet have comfort,  
Though reason and example urge our feares,  
Heaven will not let you lose so many teares.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Foscari*, and *Dulcino*.

*Fosc.* Did she receive my letter with such joy?

*Dulc.* I want exprefſion my Lord to give you  
The circumſtance; with a flowing love,  
Or rather with what glad devotion  
Shee entertain'd it; at your very name,  
For ſo I gheſt, to which her covetous ſight  
Made the firſt hafe; one might have ſcene her heart  
Dance in her eyes, and as the wonder strove  
To make her pale, warme love did fortifie  
Her cheekeſ with guilty bluſhes, ſhe did read  
And kifie the paper often, mingled queſtions,  
Some halfe propounded, as her ſoule had beeſe  
Too narrow to receive what you have wriſt,  
She quite forgot.

*Fosc.* This was before the Duke  
Came thither?

*Dulc.* Yes my Lord.

*Fosc.* And did it thou not  
Obſerve her at his preſence flacke that fervour  
Her former paſſion had begot of me?  
Was ſhe not courtly to him boy?

*Dulc.* So farre  
As her great birth and breeding might direct

## The Gratefull Servant.

A. Lady to behaue her selfe to him,  
That was her Prince.

Fosc. She kis'd him, did she not?

Dulc. Shekis'd.

Fosc. He did salute her?

Dulc. Yes my Lord.

Fosc. And didst not see a flame hang on her lip,  
A spirit busie to betray her love,  
And in a sigh conveygh it to him? Oh  
Thou canst not read a woman; did he not  
Woe her to be his Dutchesse?

Dulc. Yes my Lord.

Fosc. Thou shouldest ha watcht her cheeke then, there a  
Had beene a guilt indeed, a feeble answer, (blush  
With halfe a smile, had beene an argument  
Shee had beene lost, and the temptation  
Above her strength, which had I knowne, I could  
H slept and never beene disturb'd, although  
I had met her in a dreame.

Dulc. My Lord, you meane  
A causelesse trouble to your selfe.

Fosc. Oh Jealousie.

I am ashamed---

Dulc. If ever any woman lov'd  
With faith, Cleona honours you above  
Mankinde; 'twere sinne but to suspect so chaste  
So furnish'd with all vertue, your Cleona.

Fosc. It were indeed, I am too blame Dulcinos,  
Yet when thou comst to be so ripe, for to  
Much misery as to love, thou wot excuse me.

Dulc. My Lord if I might not offend with my  
Opinion, it were safest that you lose  
No time, your presence would constraine a joy  
To either, and prevent the Duke, whose strong  
Solicits may in time endanger much  
The quiet of your thoughts.

Fosc. Why can there be  
Suspition shee will varie, doe not cheake

The

*The Gratefull Servants.*

The confidence thou hadst unsettle not  
The faith I have in thee, she can prove false.

*Dul.* Mistake me not, I doe not doubt her truth;  
But she's a woman, and if you delay  
To interpose your selfe, his Greatnesse may  
In time, without injustice to your love,  
Win upon her affection, you shall doe  
A great impiety to neglect her now,  
With so much prooфе and loyalty of honour.

*Fosc.* O never, never, and I will reward  
Her love beyond example; thus *Dulcino*  
Thou shalt returne.

*Dulc.* My Lord I had much rather  
Write on you to her.

*Fosc.* Tush, thou understandst not  
What I have purpos'd, thou shalt presently  
Goe backe, and tell *Cleoma* I am dead.

*Dulc.* How dead?

*Fosc.* I boy, that I am dead; nay marke  
The issue.

*Dulc.* But my Lord she hath your Letter  
To checke that.

*Fosc.* Thou shalt frame something to take  
That off, some fine invention may be made,  
To say 'twas forg'd, we'll study that anon,  
In the assurance of my death, which must  
Be so delivered, as she shall believe thee,  
She may affect the Duke.

*Dulc.* How sir, the Duke?  
I I, the Duke, for that's the plot,  
I must advance.

*Dulc.* And will you thus reward  
So great a love to you?

*Fosc.* Best, best of all,  
Shall I be so ungratefull to a Lady?  
Of such rare merit, when a Prince desires  
To make her great, by my unworthy interest  
Destroy her blessings? blinder, such a fortune

From

*The Gracfull Servant.*

From faire Cleone, let her love the Duke;  
In this I will expresse the heighth and lory  
Of my best service.

*Duke.* Are you sir in earnest?

*Feste.* I love her, and can never see her more:  
Posterity it shall learme new piety  
In love from me, it will become me looke on  
*Cleone* a farre off, and onely mention  
Her name, as I doe Angels in my prayer:  
Thus she deserves I should converse with her;  
Thus I most nobly love her.

*Duke.* Doth she languish,  
Expecting you, and shall I carry death  
To comfort her? good heaven forbid this Sir.

*Feste.* Heaven doth injure meto it, she shall reigne  
Glorious in power, while I let fall my beades  
That she might prosper; be not thou an enemy  
To her and me, I see thou art unwilling  
To this imployment, if th'ast any wish  
To see me happy, to preserve my life  
And honour, which was never more engag'd;  
If I shall thinke thou art not very wicked,  
A false dissembling boy deny me not  
This office; use what circumstance thou wilt  
To thrive in this report, and thy sad breath  
Shall give a feigned; save a reall death. *Exit.*

*Duke.* I'me lost i'th springing of my hope, shall I  
Obey him to destroy my selfe? I must,  
I dare not be my selfe; no neede haue they  
Of other force, that make themselves away. *Exit.*

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**ACTUS 3, SCENA 1.**

Enter *Iacomo*.

*Iac.* I smell a match agen, the Duke will fetch her about,  
here was another Ambassador at dinner, and his Highnesse

*The Gratefull Servants.*

is againe expected, in confidence of my place that shall bee,  
I will continue my state posture, use my toothpick with discretion, and cough distinctly, what can hinder my rising? I  
am no scholler, that exception is taken away, for most of our  
states-men doe hold it a lawcy thing, for any of their ser-  
vants to be wiser than themselves, observe the inventorie of  
a great Noblemans house, mark the number of the learned;  
Ile begin with them. *Imprimis*, Chaplains and Schoole-ma-  
sters one, two Pages, 3 Gentlemen, 4 Footmen, 6 Horses,  
8 Serving creatures, and 1 or couple of Dogges, a very Noble  
family,

Enter *Dulcine*.

*Dul.* Worthy Sir----

*Iac.* My Lady shall be at leature for you presently---  
It may be you would speake with me first?

*Dul.* I only entreat my Lady may have knowledge that  
I waite here.

*Iac.* I will enrich my Ladies understanding, Ile say no-  
thing else, but that you are here shall it? that's enough if you  
have another Letter.

*Dul.* What then?

*Iac.* I would wish you deliver it to her owne hand, but  
under your favour, the contents of the last chapter had like  
to undone us all, and *Cupid* had noe bin more inerciful. (ry.

*Dul.* Feare nothing, the newes I bring wil make you mer-

*Iac.* I do laugh at that, howsover you are heartily welcom  
and ever shall be, you doe hear no harme of the Duke?

*Dulc.* No harme?

*Iac.* You shall heare more shortly, I lay no more, but hea-  
ven blesse my Lady and his highnesse together, for my part,  
though I speake a proud word--- Ile tell my Lady that you  
attend her.

*Dulc.* I prethee doe, and hasten the discharge  
Of my sad Embaſſie, which when I have done,  
And that it prospers in mine owne misfortune,  
Ile teach my breath to pray.

Enter *Cleona, Fabricio, Iacomo*.

*Fabr.* A glorious fate  
Courts your acceptance, and I hope your wisdome

Wil

*The Gratefull Servants.*

Will teach you how to meeke it, y ave receiv'd  
His Highnesse bosome, now Ile take my leave.

*Cleon.* Will you not see the Prince againe?

*Fabr.* I saw his highnesse walking with *Grimundo*  
Toward the garden, and the Duke expects me--  
Thinke of a Dutches Madam.

*Cleon.* I'me not worthie,  
And needs must sinke under the weight of such  
A title ; my humblest service to his grace,  
I am his beads-woman. *Exit Fabrichio.*

*Iac.* Madam here's the yonth.

*Cleon.* Art thou return'd already? why were you  
So rude to make him waite?

*Dnl.* Since I arriv'd  
Tis but a paire of minutes.

*Cleon.* They are worth  
as many dayes.

*Iac.* He shall be with your Ladiship  
Next time before he come ; when I but spye him  
A mile off, Ile acquaint you in my duty  
To your selfe, and my honour unto him.

*Cleon.* Withdraw.

*Iac.* Here is no couch, I dee not like  
My Ladies familiaritie with a boy :  
Me thinks a man were fitter, and more able  
To give her a refreſhing : but this Lobby  
Shall be my next remove.

*Dnl.* You will repeat *Exit, and staires  
behind the hangings.*  
This welcome Madam.

*Cleon.* What harsh sound is that?  
Thy looks upon a suddaine are become  
Dismall, thy brow dull as *Saturns* issue,  
Thy lips are hung with blacke, as if thy conge  
Were to prenounce some funerall.

*Dnl.* It is,  
But let your vertue place a guard about  
Your eare ; it is too weake a lense to trust  
With a sad tale, that may disperce too soone

*The Gratefull Servant.*

The killing sillables, and some one or other  
Finde out your heart.

*Cleon.* The Mandrake hath no voice  
Like this, the Raven and the night birds sing  
More soft, nothing in nature, to which scarce  
Hath made us superstitious, but speake gently  
Compar'd with thee ; discharge thy fatall burthen,  
I am prepar'd, or stay, but answer me,  
I will and lave thy breath, and quickly know  
The totall of my sorrow ; is *Foscari*  
Dead since I saw thee last ? or hath some wound,  
Or other dire mis-fortune seal'd him for  
The grave ? that though he yet live, I may bid.  
My heart despaine to see him.

*Dule.* None of these,  
Since last I saw you Madam.

*Cleon.* None of these ?  
Then I despise all sorrow boy, there is  
Not left another mischiefe in my Fate ;  
Call home thy beauty, why dost looke so pale ?  
See I am arm'd, and can with valient blood  
Hearre thee discourse of my terror now ;  
Me thinkes I can in the assurance of  
His safety, heare of Battailles, Tempest, Death,  
With all the horrible shapes that Poets fancie,  
Tell me the tale of *Troy* or *Rome* on fire,  
Rich in the trophies of the conquered world,  
I will not shew so many teares to lave  
The Temples, as my joy doth sacrifice  
To heare my Lord is well.

*Dule.* Turne them to griefe  
Agen, and here let me kneele, the accouer  
Of him, that hath deserv'd more punishment,  
Than your wrong'd piety will inflict.

*Cleon.* Dost kneele,  
And call thy selfe accouer ?

*Dule.* Yes.

*Cleon.* Of whom,

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Thy Lord? take heede, for if I be thy judge  
I shall condemne thee ere thou speakes.

*Dul.* You may,  
But I accuse my selfe, and of an injurie  
To you.

*Cleon.* To me?

*Dule.* Too great to be forgiven.

*Cleona.* My love to him, thou serv't hast found a pardoun,  
Already for it; be it an  
Against my life.

*Dule.* For his sake  
Deare Madam, I have sinn'd against his ghost,  
In my deceiving you.

*Cleon.* His Ghost?

*Dul.* And if  
His soule hath not forgotten how he loved you,  
I must expect him to affright my dreames,  
And prove my waking evill; the truth is,  
My Lord is dead.

*Cleon.* How dead? when? where? did I  
Not heare thee say, since I receiv'd his letter,  
He was alive?

*Dule.* No Madam.

*Cleon.* Be not impious.

*Dul.* I said that neither death, nor any blacke  
Misfortune had befallen him, since I gave  
The letter to you.

*Cleon.* Grant this truth, I am  
Secur'd agen.

*Dul.* 'Las he was dead before,  
I'm sure you could not chuse but heare as much,  
It was my wickedneffe arriv'd to mocke  
Your credulous heart with a devised letter:  
I know you are in wonder what should move me  
To this imposture; sure it was no malice,  
For you were injur'd me, and that doth make  
My crime the more deform'd, all my aime was,  
Being a stranger here, and wanting meane  
After my Lord's death, by this eunning to

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Procure some bountie from you to sustaine  
My life, untill by some good fortune, I  
Might get another Master, for I knew  
There was no hope to benefit my selfe  
By saying he was dead : good heaven forgive me,  
And keepe my eyes from weeping,

*Cleon.* Thou hast undone me,  
Like a most cruell boy.

*Dul.* Madam I hope  
I shall repaire the ruines of your eyc,  
When I declare the cause that leades me to  
This strange confession : I have observ'd;  
The Duke does love you, love you in that way,  
You can deserve him, and though I have farr'd,  
I am not stubborne in my fault to suffer you  
In the belief of my deceitfull story,  
To wrong your fortune by neglect of him  
Can bring your merit such addition  
Of state and title.

*Cleon.* Dost thou mocke agen?  
*Dul.* Heaven knowes I have no thought of such impiety,  
If you will not beleeve that for your sake  
I have betrayed my selfe, yet be so charitable,  
To thinke it something of my dutie to  
The Duke, whose ends, while they are just and noble,  
All loiall subjects ought to serve for him,  
Whom I am bound to honour, and I love him,  
Else may I never know one day of comfort;  
I durst not without guilt of treason to  
His chaste desires deuise you any longer;  
Collect your selfe dears Madam, in the grave  
There dwells no musick, in the Dukes embrace  
You meet a perfect happiness.

*Cleon.* Begon,  
And never see me more ; who ever knew  
Falshood so ripe at thy years?

*Exit.*

*Dul.* Is not yet  
My poore heart broke ? hath nature given it

*The Grateful Servants.*

So strong a temper that no wound will kill me ?  
What charme was in my gratitude to make me  
Undoe so many comforts with one breath ?  
Or was it for some sinne I had to satisfie ?  
I have not onely widowed Cleona,  
But made my selfe a miserie beneath  
An Orphant ; I neare came to have a friend,  
I ha detroi'd my hope, that little hope  
I had to be so happy. *Jacomo comes forth.*

*Jac.* Is't e'ne for  
My friend what make you here ? who sent for you ? begon  
dee heare, begon I say the word too ; there is a Porters lodge  
else, where you may haue due chasteinent, ycle begon.

*Dulc.* I'me sorrie  
I have offendred Sir.

*Exit Dul.*

*Jac.* So am not I ;  
Let me see some body is dead, if I knew who, no matter 'tis  
one that my Lady lov'd, and I am glad to heare it for mine  
owne sake ; now *Venus* spide the Dukes plough, and turne  
me loose to a privie Counceller. *Enter Sorenzo.*

*Sor.* Signior *Jacomo*, where's your Lady ?

*Jac.* Shee is within my good Lord, wilt please you walke  
this way ?

*Sor.* Prethee make haste, the Duke is comming. *Exeunt.*

*Jac.* I smell him hitherco. *Enter Jacomo presently.*  
So so, I will take this opportunitie to present my selfe to  
his highnesse, that he may take particular notice of my bulk  
and personage, he may chance speake to me, I have common  
places to answer any ordinarie question, and for other, hee  
shall finde by my impudence, I come not short of a perfect  
Courtier. Here he comes, I will dissemble some contem-  
plation, and with my hat on give him cause to obserue mee  
the better.

*Enter the Duke and Lords.*

*Duk.* What fellowes that ?

*Gist.* A Servant of Cleona's

*Fabr.* Signior ?

*The Duke extends his  
hand, Jacomo kisses it.*

*Jacomo.*

The Gratefull Servants.

*Iac.* Your Highnesse humble creature, you have tickl'd my lips, and I will weare thin thred: bear with my prayers for your Graces immortall prosperity. *Enter Soranzo.*

*Duke.* Soranzo is return'd:

How fares Gloona?

*Ser.* My Lord not well, I found her full of sadness, which is encreast, she cannot, as becomes her duty, observe your Highnesse.

*Iac.* One word with your Grace in private; shee is as well as either you or I.

*Duke.* Saist thou so?

*Iac.* There came indeed certaine newes before you, that a Noble Gentleman, I know not who, and therefore he shal be nameleffe, but some deare friend of hers is dead, and that's all, and that hath put her into a melancholy mood; with your gracious pardon, if I were worthy to be one of your Counsellors——

*Duke.* What then.

*Iac.* I would advise you, as others doe, to take your owne course; your Grace knowes best what is to be done.

*Duke.* So sir: Didst thou not see the pretty boy I told thee of?

*Ser.* No my good Lord.

*Duke.* We are resolv'd to comfort her; let forward.

*Grim.* You had simple grace.

*Iac.* A touch or so, a beame with which his highnesse ~~o~~ eth use to keepe desert warme: good my Lord, he is not come to that yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Foscari and a Servant.

*Fosc.* Goe to the next religioun house, and pray some holy Father come and speake with me:

But hasten thy returne; I dare not looke on

My selfe, lest I forget to doe her honour,

And my heart prove a partiall advocate;

I must not entertaine with the same thought

Gloona, and my love, least my owne passion

Betray the resolution I ha made

To make my service famous to all ages.

*Exit Ser.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

A legend that may startle wanton blood,  
And strike a chilnesse in the active veines  
Of noblelt Lovers, when they heare, or read,  
That to advance a Mistresse, I have given her  
From mine owne heart, if any shall be so  
Impious at my memory, to say  
I could not doe this act, and love her too,  
Some power divine, that knew how much I lov'd her,  
Some Angell that hath care to right the dead,  
Punish that crime for me, and yet me thinks,  
In such a cause my owne enraged spirit,  
In pitty of my athes, so prophan'd,  
Should nimblly lift my sweating marble up,  
And leape into my drut, which new inkisen'd  
Should walke to him, that questioned my honour.  
And be its owne revenger, he is come.     Enter Valentio,  
Welcome good Father,     a religious man.  
I sent to intreat your helpe, but first, pray tell me,  
I have no perfect memory, what Saint  
Gives title to your Order?

*Val.* We doe weare  
The Scapular of Saint Bennet Sir.

*Fosc.* Your Charity  
Make you still worthy of that reverend habit,  
I have a great devotion, to be made  
A brother of your sacred institution:  
What persons of great birth it hath receiv'd?

*Val.* To fashion my reply to your demand,  
Is not to boast, though I proclaime the honours  
Of our profession; foure Emperors,  
Forty six Kings, and one and fifty Queenes,  
Have chang'd their Royall Ermines for our sables,  
These Cowles have cloth'd the heads of fourteene hundred,  
And six Kings sonnes, of Dukes, great Marquises,  
And Earles, two thousand and above foure hundred  
Have turn'd their Princely Coronets, into  
An humble Coronet of haire left by  
The Razour thus.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Fosc.* No, it is not.

There is a Sunne ten times more glorious,  
Than that which riseth in the Fall, attracts me  
To feed upon his sweet beames, and become  
A bird of Paradise, a religious man  
To rise from earth, and no more to turne backe,  
But for a Buriall.

*Val.* Thinke what 'tis you doe,  
It is no thing to play the wanton with,  
In the strong bended passion of an humour,  
For a friends death, a Kings frowne, or perhaps  
Losse of a Mistresse.

*Fosc.* O still blesse the guide  
What ever, that shall lead this happy way.

*Val.* My Lord, the truth is like your coate of armes,  
Richest when plainest ; I doe feare the world  
Hath tyr'd you, and you seeke a cell to rest in,  
As birds that wing it o're the Sea, seeke ships,  
Till they get breath, and then they flye away.

*Fosc.* Doe not mistake a piersy, I am prepar'd,  
And can endure your strict mortifications.  
Good Father then preferre my humble suite,  
To your Superiour for the habit, and  
Let me not long expect you, say I am,  
Noble, but humblest in my thoughts.

*Val.* I goe,  
Meane time examine well this new desire,  
Whether it be a wild flash, or a heavenly fire. *Exit.*

*Fosc.* Now my good boy. *Enter Dulcino.*

*Dulc.* Sir, your command is done,  
And she beleeves ?

*Fosc.* That I am dead *Dulcino* ?

*Dulc.* That you are dead, and as shee now scorn'd me,  
Death lends her cheekes his palenesse, and her eyes  
Tell downe their drops of silver to the earth,  
W' shing her teares might raine upon your grave,  
To make the gentle earth produce some flowers,  
Should beare your names and memories.

*Fosc.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

» *Fosc.* But thou seest,  
I live *Dulcino*.

*Dulc.* Sir, I should be blest,  
If I did see you sought the meanes to live,  
And to live happily. O noble sir  
Let me untread my steps, unsay my words,  
And tell your love, you live.

*Fosc.* No my sweet Boy,  
Shee thinkes not much amisse, I am a man  
But of an houre or two ; my will is made  
And now I goe, never more cheerfully,  
To give eternall farewell to my friends.

*Dulc.* For Heavens sake sir, what's this you mean to doe?  
There is a feare sits cold upon my heart,  
And tells me---

*Fosc.* Let it not mis-informe thee Boy ;  
Ile use no violence to my selfe, I am  
Resolv'd a course, wherein I will not doubt,  
But thou wilt beare me company ? wee'll enter  
Into Religion.

*Dulc.* Into Religion ?

*Fosc.* O tis a heavenly life, goe with me Boy,  
Wee'lle imitate the singing Angels there,  
Learne how to keepe a Quire in Heaven, and scorne  
Earths transitory glory ; wo't *Dulcino* ?

*Dulc.* Alas my Lord, I am too young.

*Fosc.* Too young  
To serve Heaven ? Never, never ; O take heed  
Of such excuse.

*Dulc.* Alas, what shall I doe ?  
And yet I'me weary of the world, but how  
Can I doe this ? I am not yet discovered :  
Sir, I shall still attend you.

*Fosc.* Thou art my comfort,  
I have propounded it already, to  
A *Benedictine*, by whose meanes we may  
Obtaine the habit ; stay thou and expect him,  
I must be absent for a little time,

*The Gracefull Servant.*

To finish something, will conduce to my  
Eternall quiet, if th' hast any scruple,  
He will direct thee, having both made even  
With earth, wee'le travaile hand in hand to Heaven. *Exit.*

*Dulc.* Fortune hath lent me a prospective glasse,  
By which I have a looke beyond all joyes,  
To a new world of misery, what's my best  
Let it be so, for I am hopelesse now,  
And it were well, if when those weeds I have,  
That I might goe disguised to my grave. *Exit.*

*Enter Lodwick and Grimundo.*

*Lodw.* This is strange.

*Grim.* You know I have given you many precepts of  
honesty?

*Lodw.* And you know how I have followed em.

*Grim.* To mine owne heart, I have made tedious dis-  
courses of Heaven to yee, and the Morall Vertues, numbr'd  
up the duties of a good Prince, urg'd examples of vertues,  
for your imitation.

*Lodw.* To much purpose.

*Grim.* Seem'd to sweat with agony and vexation, for  
your obstinate courses reproov'd you, nay, sometimes made  
complaints of you to the Duke.

*Lodw.* And I ha' curst you for it, I remember.

*Grim.* Alas my Lord, I durst doe no otherwise: was not  
the Duke your father an honest man? and your brother now  
foolishly takes after him, whose credulities, when I had al-  
ready cozened, I was bound to appere Stoicall, to preserve  
the opinion they had conceived of me.

*Lodw.* Possible.

*Grim.* It speakes discretion and abilities in States-men,  
to apply themselves to their Princes disposition, vary a thou-  
sand shapes, if he be honest, we put on a formall of gravitie;  
if he be vitiuous, we are Parasites. Indeed in a politique Com-  
mon-wealth, if you observe well, there is nothing but the  
appearance, and likeness of things that carrieth opinion, your  
great men will appere odde, and fantasticall, and fooles  
are

## The Gratefull Servant.

are often taken for wise Officers, your most active gallants, seeme to carry their owne haire, and your handsomest Ladies their owne faces: you cannot know a Secretary from a Scholler in blacke, nor a Gentleman Vsher in Scarlet, from a Captaine. Your Judge that is all compos'd of Mercy, hath stil the face of a Philosopher, & to some appeares more terrible and crabbed than the Law it selfe. All things are but representation, and my Lord, howsoever I have appear'd to you, I am at heart one of your owne Sect, an Epicure; bee but so subtle to seeme honest, as I doe, and we will laugh at the foolish world in our Cels, declaimie against intemperate livers, and hug our owne licentiousnesse; while we surfeite our soules in the darke with Nectar and Ambrosia.

*Lodw.* Can this be earnest, you did talke of Hell, and bug-beares.

*Grim.* I confess, and were you in publicke, I would urge many other empty names to fright you, put on my holy-day countenance, and talke nothing but divinity, and golden sentences, looke like a supercilious Elder, with a starchd face, and a tunable note, whilst he is edifying his neighbours woman.

*Lodw.* You were a Christian, how came you to be converted?

*Grim.* I think I had a name given me, and that's all I retaine; I could never endure really their severe discipline: marry for my preferment, and other politique ends, I have, and can still dispence with fasting, prayer, and a thousand fond austerities, though I doe penance for em in private.

*Lodw.* Let me aske you one question, were you never drunk?

*Grim.* A thousand times in my study, that's one of my recreations.

*Lodw.* How chance I could never see't in you? you know I would ha' beene druake for company.

*Grim.* But I durst not trust so young a sinner; for I alwayes held it a maxime, to doe wickednesse with circumspection.

*Lodw.* Wickednesse?

*Grim.* I speake in the phrase of the foolish world, that holds voluptuoulnesse a crime, which you and I, and every

### *The Gratefull Servant.*

wise man knowes, to be the onely happiness of life, and the inheritance we are borne to.

*Lodw.* But stay, how comes it to passe, that accounting me so yong a sinner, you now adventure to discover your selfe?

*Grim.* To you? *Lodw.* To me.

*Grim.* Good my Lord conceive me, you were a young sinner, and in your Nonage, does that inferre that you have made no growth, that y'are a childe still, dee thinke that I ha not wit to distinguish a Principiant in vice, from a Graduate, shall I be afraid to lay open my secret impieties to you, that are almost as perfect as my selfe in Epicurisme? I beseech you do not thinke I ha so little manneres to undervalue you.

*Lodw.* Very wel, proceed.

*Grim.* And yet my Lord, with your Princely licence, you may learne too, and indeed the first vertue that I woulc commend to your practice, should be that, by which I have attain'd to this heighth, and opinion, and that's Hypocrisie.

*Lodw.* Hypocrisie?

*Grim.* Yes, a delicate white devill, doe but fashion your selfe to seeme holy, and study to be worse in private, worse, youle finde your selfe more active in your sensuality, and it will be another titillation, to thinke what an asse you make a the beleeving world, that will be ready to dote, nay superstitiousliy adore y ou, for abusing them.

*Lodw.* This is pretty wholesome doctrine, and harke you, ha you no wenches now and then?

*Grim.* Wenches? would the Duke your brother had so many for his owne sake, or you either.

*Lodw.* Hast i' faith?

*Grim.* Faith? why judge by your selfe, how dee thinke a man should substain, wenching? why tis the top-branch, the heart, the very soule of pleasure, ile not give a chip to bee an Emperour, and I may not curvet as often as my constitution requires, Lecherie is the Monarch of Delight, whose Throne is in the blood, to which all other sinnes doe homage, and bow like serviceable Vassales, petty Subjects in the Dominion of flesh —— Wenchess

why

### *The Grateful Servant.*

why I have as many---yet now I thinke better on't, Ile  
keepe that to my selfe, store makes a good proverbe.

*Lodw.* Nay nay, be free and open to mee, you have my  
oath not to betray.

*Grim.* Well, Ile not be nice to you, you little imagine  
(though I be married) that I am the greatest whoremarter  
i'th Dukedom.

*Lodw.* Not the greatest?

*Grim.* Have a strong faith and save my proofes, I ? the  
Vsurer does not hoard up his gold, nor the Countrey op-  
pressor his Come more against a deare yeare, but *Cause  
si non Caste*, my Nunne at home knowes nothing, like a  
Mole in the earth, I worke deepe, but invisible; I have  
my private houses, my Granaries, my Magasines bully, as  
many Concubines, as would, collected, furnish the Great  
Turkes Seraglio.

*Lodw.* How doe you conceale 'em ? I should neare keep  
halfe so many, but 'twould be knowne.

*Grim.* You are then a Novice in the Art of *Venus*,  
and will tell tales out a'the Schoole, like your weake  
Gallants o'the first chin, that will bragge what Ladies they  
have brought to their obedience, that thinke it a mighty  
honour, to discourse how many forts they have belea-  
guerd, how many they have taken by battery, how many  
by composition, and how many by Stratagem; that will  
proclaime, how this Madam kisles how like Ivie the tother  
*bona Roba* embraced em, and with what actvity, a third  
plaies her amorous prize, a fine commendation for such  
whelpes ist not?

*Lodw.* A fault, a fault, who can deny it? But what  
are those you practice with? A touch, come, what Com-  
modities?

*Grim.* Not sale-ware, Mercenary stuffe, that yee may  
have i'th Subburbs, and now maintaine traffique with Am-  
bassadours servants, nor with Laundresses, like your Stu-  
dents in Law, who teach her to argue the case so long,  
till she finde a Statute for it, nor with Mistris Silkworme  
in the City, that longs for Creame and Cakes, and loves to

Cuckold

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Cuckold her husband in fresh ayre, nor with your waiting Gentlewoman, that is in love with poetry, and will not part with her honour, under a Copy of fine veries; or an Anagram; nor with your course Lady her selfe, that keepes a Stallion, and cozens the old Knight, and his two paire of Spectacles, in the shape of a Servingman, but with your rich, faire, high-fed, glorious, and springing Catamountaines, Ladies of bloud, whose ey es will make a souldier melt, and he were compos'd of marble; whose very smile hath a magneticke force to draw up soules; whose voyce will charme a Satyre, and turne a mans prayer into ambition, make a Hermit run to hell for a touch on her, and there hug his owne damnation.

*Lodw.* I have heard you, and now I thinke fit to discover my selfe to you, you are a Rascall.

*Grim.* Sir, I thinke I am one.

*Lodw.* Let not your widdome thinke, I can bee so easily gull'd.

*Grim.* How Sir?

*Lodw.* You thinke you have talked very methodically, and cunningly all this while, and that I am as they say, a credulous coxcombe, and cannot perceive, that by your politique jeeres upon my pleasures, you labour to discredit, not onely my recreations, but my selfe to my owne face: D'ee heare? the time may come you wil not dare these things, & yet you shall see, I will not now so much as seeme angry; preserve your humour, 'twill appeare fresh o'th Stage my learned Gymnolophil, very well, excellent well.

*Grim.* Why does not your Lordship believe me then?

*Lodw.* Do'st thou thinke throughout the yeere, I will loose one minute of my pastime, for this your toothlesse Satyre, your mocke-ballad; goe get some pretty tune, 'twill do you a great deale of credit the next Christmas to bee presented by folly in an Anti-maske, I'le to a wench presently.

*Grim.* I came to carry you to one. *Lodw.* How? thou?

*Grim.* Doe not deceive your selfe, come you shal believe and thanke me; will that serve turne? shall I bee thought worthy to bee trusted then, if I doe the office of a Bawd

for

*The Gratefull Servants.*

for you, and play the Pander with dexterity ; will that convince you ?

*Lodw.* Yes, yes, then I will believe thee.

*Grim.* Then goe with me, and I will demonstrate.

*Lodw.* Whither ?

*Grim.* Ile carry you to a Lady ; be not afraid, she is honest, a handsome peice of flesh, a Lady that will bound yee, and rebound, a Lady that will ravish you.

*Lodw.* Me ?

*Grim.* What delight and admiration ; one in whom doth flourish all the excellency of women, honesty onely excepted, such a charming brow, speaking eye, springing cheeke, tempting lip, swelhing bosome.

*Lodw.* Will you lead me to such a creature ?

*Grim.* Yes.

*Lodw.* And shall I enjoy her in dalliance ?

*Grim.* Yes ; and thinke your selfe richer, than to be Lord of both the Indies, heres my hand, cut it off, if I doe not this feate for you when you please, and when you are satisfied with her Ile helpe you to forty more ; but we are interrup-  
ted.

*Enter Giotto, Soranzo.*

*Giot.* There he is with *Grimundo*.

*Sor.* His late governour, he his giving him good counsell.

*Giot.* Pray heaven he have the grace to follow it.

*Grim.* Consider Sir, what will be the end  
Of all these wicked coulases.

*Lodw.* Precious villaine.

*Grim.* We must be circumspect.

*Lodw.* No more, I have a crotchet new sprung :

Where shall I meeete thee ?

*Grim.* Ile expect you in the parke---be very secret.

My Lord I can but grieve for you.

*Exit.*

*Lodw.* How have we all beene couzn'd ?

What is my brother here ?

*Sor.* This houre my Lord he is now upon returne.

*Lodw.* Ile see him, and then prepare me for this Lady.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

I feele a boyling in my veines already ;  
This is the life of greatnesse, and of Court ;  
They're fooles that wil be frighted from their sport. *Exeunt*

---

ACTVS 4. SCÆNA 1.

Enter *Lodwick* and *Piero*.

*Lod.* Do't and thou lov'st me ?

*Pier.* What d'ee meane my Lord?

*Lod.* Nay we must have such a deale of circumstance ; I say doeit.

*Piero.* What, that?

*Lod.* That z is that such a piece of matter, does it appeare so horid in your immagination, that you should looke as if you were frighted now ?

*Pier.* My Lord it is --

*Lod.* A thing your lust will prompt you to, but that you affect ceremony, and love to be entreated.

*Pier.* With your Lady ?

*Lodw.* Yet againe, must I voyce it like the Towne-Cryer, and ramme it into your head with noyse, you have not beene observ'd to ill in a busynesse of this supple Na-  
ture.

*Pier.* But thinke on't agen, I pray you thinke a little bet-  
ter, I ha no great ambition to ha my throat cut.

*Lodw.* By whom ?

*Pier.* By you, you cannot chuse but kill me for't when I have done, name any other Lady, or halfe a score on 'em, as farre as flesh will go, I ha but a body, and that shall venture upon a disease to doe you service ; but your Lady.

*Lod.* Have I not told thee my end ?

*Pier.* I sir, but I am very loath to beginne with her, I know she will not let me do the feate, I had as good never attempt it.

*Lod.* Is your mountanous promise come to this? Remem-  
ber, if I doe not turne honest ---

*Piero.* My Lord doe but consider --- well I will doe what

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what I can, and there be no remedy---but

*Lod.* No butting.

*Pier.* Nay, for butting, your Lordship is like to doe that better when I have done with your Lady; upon one condition I'll resolve.

*Lodw.* Whats that?

*Pier.* I must be a little plaine w'ee my Lord, that you wonot aske me blessing, I am like to be one of your Godfathers.

*Lod.* How?

*Pier.* The new name I shall adde to your other Titles will stick in your head, and I feare corrupt your braints too; many wise men have run mad upon't in the City.

*Lodw.* Never feare it, for if thou canst but corrupt her I'll shew a divorce presently.

*Pier.* And bring me in for a witnesse. Enter *Astella*.

*Lodw.* She's here, feare nothing, I'll be thy protection; it were not amisse to cast away some kindness upon her: nay I was comming to take my leave.

*Ast.* I know you never meant it.

*Lod.* Thus my best intents are rewarded still, the more sin upon your conscience, y' have a hard heart, but heaven forgive us all; *Astella* farewell, *Piero* expect my returne here---pray entertaine this gentleman courteously in my absence, you know not how kindly I may take it.

*Ast.* I would you would enjoyne me any testimony, So I may be in hope to win your love.

*Lod.* 'Tis in the will of women to doe much, do not dispair, the proudest heart is but flesh, thinke a that.

*Ast.* Of what?

*Lod.* Of flesh; and so I leave you.

*Pier.* Wilt please you Madam walk into your chamber? I have something to impart will require more privacy.

*Ast.* If it be grieve 'tis welcome. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Duke* and *Lords*.

*Dnk.* My soule I have examin'd, and yet find No reason for my foolish passion.

7  
*The Grateful Servant.*

Our hot Italian doth affect these boys,  
For sinne I've no such flame, and yet me thought  
He did appeare most lovely; nay in his absence  
I cherish his Idea, but I must  
Exclude him while he hath but soft impression,  
Being remov'd already in his person,  
I loose him with lesse troubles.

Enter *Giotto.*

*Giot.* Please your highnesse  
A stranger, but some gentleman of quality,  
Intending to leave Savoy, humbly prayes  
To kisse your hand.

*Duke.* A gentleman, admit him.

Enter *Foscari* disguised, and kissthe Dukes hand.

*Fosc.* You are a gracious Prince, and this high favour  
Deserves my person and my sword, when you  
Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,  
To call them to your service.

*Duke.* You are Noble.

*Fosc.* It is not complement my Lord alone,  
Made me thus bold, I have a private message.  
Please you command their distance.

*Duke.* Waite without.

*Fosc.* Have you forgot this face?

*Duke.* Foscaries shadow.

*Fosc.* The substance Sir, and once more at your ferte.

*Duke.* Return'd to life. Rite, meeke our armes: why in  
This Cloud?

*Fosc.* Your pardon roiall sir, it will  
Concerne your Highnesse to permit me walk  
In some Eclipse.

*Duke.* How?

*Fosc.* Be but pleas'd to grant  
A little freedome to my speech, I shall  
Demonstrate the necessity of this  
Action, I said I had a message;  
I come from *Cleona*.

*Duke.* From *Cleona*?

*Fosc.* From her indeed, and in her name I must

Pro-

*The Gratefull Servants.*

Propound a question, to which she praies

You would be just and noble in your answer.

*Duk.* Withou disputing your Commission,

Upon mine honour---

*Fosc.* Princes cannot staine it; doe you love her?

*Duk.* Doe I love her? Strange.

*Fosc.* Nay, she would have you paule, and think well ere

You give her resolution; for she bid me tell you,

Shee has beeene much afflicted since you left her,

About your love.

*Duk.* About my love? I prethhee  
Be more particular.

*Fosc.* I shall, so soone  
As you were gone, being alone, and full  
Of melancholy thoughts.

*Duk.* I left her so.

*Fosc.* Willing to easfe her head upon her couch,  
Through silencie and some friendship of the darke,  
She fell asleepe, and in a short dreame thought  
Some Spirit told her softly in her eare,  
You did but mocke her with a smoothe pretence  
Of love.

*Duk.* Ha?

*Fosc.* More, that you were fallen from honour,  
Have taken impious flames into your bosome,  
That y'are a bird of prey, and while she hath  
No housshould Lar, to waite upon her threshold,  
You would flye in and feare upon her honour.

*Duk.* I hope she hath no faith in dreame.

*Fosc.* And yet  
Divinity hath oftentimes descended  
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes  
Have in the calme and quiet of the soule  
Convers'd with us, taught men and women happy  
Waies to prevent a tyrants rage and lust.

*Duk.* But this was some most false malicious Spirit,  
That would infuaine with her white Soule;  
There's danger if she cherish the infusion.

*Fosc.*

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*Fosc.* She cannot tell she hath some feares my Lord;  
Great men have left examples of their vice,  
An yet no jealousie of you, but what  
A miracle doth urge, if this be one;  
If you but once more say you love *Cleone*,  
And speake it unto me, and to the Angels,  
Which in her prayers she hath invok'd to heare you,  
She will be confident, and tell her dreame,  
She cannot be illuded.

*Duke.* Though I neede not  
Give an account to any, but to heaven.  
And her faire selfe. *Foscari* thou shalt tell her.  
With what alacrity I display my heart:  
I love her with chaste and noble fire, my intents are  
Faire as her brow; tell her I dare proclaime it  
In my deuotions, at that minute when  
I know a Million of adoring Spirits  
Hover about the Altar: I doe love her—

*Fosc.* Enough enough: my Lord be pleas'd to heare,  
What  $\beta$  have now to say: you have expressit  
A brave and vertuous soule, but I must not  
Carry this message to her; therefore take  
Your owne words backe agen— I love *Cleone*,  
With chaste and noble fire; my intents are  
Faire as her brow; I dare proclaime it, sir  
In my deuotions, at that minute when  
I know a million of adoring Spirits  
Hover about the Altar.

*Duke.* Doe ye mocke me?

*Fosc.* Pardon a truth my Lord: I have apparrel'd  
My owne sence with your language.

*Duke.* Doe you come  
To affront us, you had better ha beene sleeping  
In your cold urne, and fame late gave you out,  
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,  
Than liee to move our anger.

*Fosc.* Spare your frowpes,

*The Gratefull Servt.*

This earth weighs not my spirit downe ; a feare  
Would dis the palenesse of my fathers dust  
Into a blush : Sir many are alive  
Will swaere, I did not tremble at a Canon  
When it strooke thunder in mine eare, and wrapt  
My head in her blew mists ; it is not breath  
Can fright a noble truth, nor is there Magick  
I'ch person of a King that playes the tyrant,  
But a good sword can easily uncharme it.

*Duke.* You threaten us.

*Fosc.* Heaven avert so blacke a thought ;  
Though fits my honours cause I can be flame,  
My blood is frost to treason, make me not  
Bely my heart, for I doe love Cleona ;  
And my blood tells me, above all height  
You can affect her with ; no birth or state  
Can challenge a prerogative in love :  
Nay be not partiall and you shall ascribe  
To mine loves victory, for though I admit,  
You value her above your Dukedom, health,  
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert  
Any mishap should threaten that deare head,  
All this is but above your selfe, but I  
Love her above her selfe, and while you can  
But give your life, and all you have to doe  
Cleona service, I can give away  
Her selfe, Cleona's selfe, in my love to her ;  
I see you are at losse, Ile reconcile  
All, she is yours, this minute ends my claime,  
Live, and enjoy her happily ; may you  
famous in that beautious Empite, she  
Blest in so great a Lord.

*Duke.* I must not be  
Orecome in honour, nor would doe so great  
A wrong to enjoy the blessing ; I knew not  
You were engag'd.

*Fosc.* Ere you proceed, I must  
Beseech you heare me out : I am but fresh

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Returne from travaile, in my absence, she  
Heard I was flaine, at my returns, upon  
The hearing of these honours you intend her,  
And which I now believe from your owne lip,  
I found a meanes, and have wrought her already  
Into a firme beliefe that I am dead :

(For I have but pretended I came from her)

If for my sake you leave her now, I can  
Make good her faith and die, 't sha'nt be said  
I liv'd and overthrew *Cleonda's* fortune.

*Duk.* Stay miracle of honour, and of love.

*Fosc.* If you proceed, as it concernes your happynesse,  
I can secure all feare of me, I am  
Resolv'd a course wherein I will be dead  
To her, yet live to pray for her and you,  
Although I never see you more, will you  
My royll Lord.

*Duk.* Did ever lover please  
Against himselfe before ?

*Fosc.* I love her still,  
And in that study her advancement Sir.  
In you ; I cannot give her.

*Duke.* Well, I will still love her, and solicite.

*Fosc.* And not open  
That I am living.

*Duke.* Not a syllable.

*Fosc.* I am confident, let me but kisse your hand  
Agen : my blessings dwelt with you for ever.

*Exit.*

*Duk.* He was alwaies noble, but this passion  
Has out-gon History, it makes for me ;  
Haile to my courteous fate ; *Foscari* thankes ;  
Like the aged Phoenix thy old love expires,  
And from such death springs life to my desires.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dulciano.*

*Dulc.* The Father is not come yet, nor my Lord  
Return'd ; yet when they doe, I have no way  
To helpe my selfe ; nor have I power to goe  
From hence ; sure this is the religious man.

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*The Gratefull Servant.*

Enter *Valentio*.

*Val.* Ha, tis the same.

*Dulc.* Father *Valentio* ?

*Val.* Deare *Leonora*.

*Dul.* Sir the same.

*Val.* Oh let

My teares expresse my joyes, what miracle  
Gave you this liberty ?

*Dul.* I was rescued

By th'happy valour of a gentleman,  
To whom in gratitude I pay this service :  
He bad me here expect a holy man,  
And is it you ?

*Val.* The circumstance confirmes it.

*Dulc.* Are you the good man whom my Lord expects ?  
Tis some refreshing in the midst of sorrow  
To meet agen.

*Val.* And heaven hath heard my prayer.

*Dulc.* But I am miserable still, unlesse  
Your counsell doe reléeve me.

*Val.* Why my charge ?

*Dulc.* This noble gentleman, to whom I owe  
My preservation, who appointed you  
To meet him here, having resolv'd to enter  
Into religion, hath beene very urgent  
For me to doe so too, and overcome  
With many importunitiess, I gave  
Consent, not knowing what was best to doe :  
Soime cure or I am lost ; you know I cannot  
Mixe with religious men.

*Val.* Did you consent ?

*Dulc.* I did, and he is now upon the point  
Of his returne.

*Val.* Y'are in a straight I must  
Confesse ; no matter hold your purpose, and  
Leave all to me. He is return'd.

Enter *Foscari*

*Fosc.* Good Father,  
Now I am ready ; have you dispos'd him  
For such a life.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Val.* He is constant to attend you,  
I have prepar'd him, and made way to the Abbot  
For your reception.

*Fosc.* I am blest, *Dulcino*,  
Nay no distinction now, me thinkes we move  
Vpon the wings of Cherubins already;  
'Tis but a step to heaven; come my sweet boy  
& we climbe by a short ladder to our joy. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Lodwicke* and *Grimundo*.

*Grim.* This my Lord is her garden, into which you see  
My key hath given us private accessse.

*Lodw.* 'Tis full of curiositie.

*Grim.* You see that grove.

*Lodw.* I doe.

*Gri.* There is her house of pleasure, let your eye entertain  
Some delight here, while I give her happy  
Knowledge you are entred. *Exit.*

*Lodw.* Doe so, an honest knave I see that; how happy  
Happy shall I be in his conversation? I sha not need  
To keepe any in fee to procure, and habe  
So well furnished: if ever I come to be Duke, I will  
Erect a magnificent Colledge, endow it  
With revenew to maintaine wenches, and  
With great Pensions invite the fairest Ladies  
From all parts of Christendome into my Seraglio;  
Then will I have this fellow gelded, and make him  
My chiefe Eunuch ranger, or overseer of all  
My pretious tame fowle. *Enter 3 like Satyrs, & lie down.*

How now? what's this, some fuery asleep? Ile take another  
path; another? into what wildernes has this firedrake broght  
me? I dare not crie out for feare of waking 'em, would *Grimundo* were come backe. *Enter one like Silvanus.*

*Silv.* Rife you drowsie Satyres rife,  
What strong charme doth binde your eyes?  
See who comes into your grove,  
To embrace the Queene of Love;  
Leape for joy and friske about,  
Finde your pretty Dryads out;

*The Gratefull Servants.*

Hand in hand compose a ring,  
Dand and circle your new King,  
Him *Silvanus* must obey,      *Satyres* rise and run in,  
Hence and cry a holy day.      *Exit.*

*Lod.* Some maske, a device to entertaine me, ha? And yet  
I see not how they shalld prepare so much ceremony un-  
lesse they had expected me, a curse upon their ill faces, they  
shooke me at first; how now?

*Enter Satyres pursuing Nymphes, they dance together.*

*Exiunt Sat. 3 Nymphes* seeme to intreat him  
to goe with them.

Have yee no tonges? yes I will venture my selfe in your  
company, and you were my destinies; wo'd there were  
no worse in hell, must I walke like a bride, too, fortune set  
on afore then, & thou dost not guide into a hanosome place,  
wo'd thy eyes were out, and so thou maist be taken for the  
blinde goddesse indeed, forward to *Venus Temple*. *Exit.*

*Recorders.*

*Enter againe, where the Nymphes suddenly leave him,*  
a banquet brought in.

*Lod.* Vanished like Fayries? Ha, what musicks this? the  
motion of the Sphears, or am I in *Elifium*?

*Enter Grimundo bare, leading Belinda richly  
attired, and attended by Nymphes.*

Here is *Grimundo*, ha? what glorious creatures this commits  
a rape upon my fences on every side, but when I looke on  
her, all other admirations are forgot, & lessen in her glory.

*Be.* My Lord y'are welcome, nay our lip is not too pre-  
cious for your salute: most welcome.

*Grim.* I have kept my word Sir.

*Lod.* Thou hast oblieg'd my soule.

*Gr.* Be high and frolicke, she loves to see one  
Domineere; when y'are throughly acquainted you'le  
Give me thanks.

*Lodw.* Let us be private with as much speed as may be;  
Away with those gossipps, so, so.

*Exeunt all but Lodwiske and Belinda.*

I forgot to aske her name: Lady I am come.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Bel.* Wilt please you use that chaire?

*Lodw.* You are not ignorant

Of the intents my blood hath brought with me,  
*Grimundo* I hope hath told my comming Lady,  
And you I'me confident will justifie his promise  
Of some pastime.

*Belind.* He's a Servant,  
Whose bosome I dare trust the sonne of night,  
And yet more secret than his mother, he  
Hath power to engage me, and I shall  
Take pride in my obedience ; first be pleas'd  
To taste, what in my dutie I prepar'd  
For your first entertainment ; these but serve  
To quicken appetite.

*Lodw.* I like this well, *Recorders.*  
I shal not use much Courtship, where's this musicke ?

*Bel.* Doth it offend your eare ?

*Lodw.* 'Tis ravishing,  
Whence doth it breath ?

*Bel.* If you command, weeble change  
A thousand aires, till you finde one is sweet  
And high enough-ro rocke your wanton soule  
Into Elision slumbers.

*Lodw.* Spare them all,  
I heare 'em in thy accents.

*Bel.* *Orpheus*

*Calliope* fam'd sonne, upon whose lute  
Myriads of lovers ghosts doe waite and hang  
Upon the golden strings to have their owne  
Griefes softned with his noble touch, shall come  
Againe from hell with fresh and happier straines  
To move your fancie.

*Lodw.* That were very strange,  
She is Poeticall, more than halfe a Fury :  
But we prate all this while, and lose the time  
We should employ more pretiously ; I need  
No more provocation, my veines are rich,  
And swell with expectations : shall we to

*This*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

This vaulting businesse ?

*Bel.* I shall hope my Lord

You will be silent in mine honour, when

You have enjoy'd me, and not boast my name

To your disgrace, not mine

*Lodw.* Your name, why Lady ?

By my desires I know it not, I hope

You have receiv'd a better character,

Than to suspect my blabbing : Ile not trust

My Ghosly father with my sinnes, much less

Your name.

*Bel.* O let me flie into your armes,

These words command my freedome, I shall love

You above my selfe, and to confirme how much

I dare repose upon your faith, Ile not

Be nice to tell you who I am.

*Lodw.* Pray doe.

*Bel.* I am a Princesse.

*Lodw.* How ?

*Bel.* Believe me Sir.

*Lodw.* I'm glad a that, but of what Countrie Ladie ?

*Bel.* And my dominions are more spreading than  
Your Brothers.

*Lodw.* Ha? that's excellent ; if the villaine  
Doe prosper with my wife, Ile marrie her.

*Bel.* I was not borne to perch upon a Dukedom,  
Or some such spot of earth, which the dull eyes  
Examine by a multiplying glasse,  
And wonder at ; the *Roman* Eagles never  
Did spread their wings upon so many shores,  
The silver Moone of *Ottoman* lookes pale  
Upon my great Empire ; Kings of *Spaine*,  
That now may boast their ground, doth stretch as wide  
As day, are but poore Landlords of a Cell,  
Compard to mine inheritance : the truth is,  
I am the Divell.

*Lodw.* How a Divell ?

*Bel.* Yes.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Be not affrighted Sir, you see I bring  
No horror to distract you : if this presence  
Delight you not, Ile weary a thousand shapes  
To please my Lord.

*Lod.* Shapes quotha.

*Bel.* Doo not tremble.

*Lodw.* A divell? I see her cloven foote : I ha not  
The heart to pray ; *Grimundo* has undone me.

*Bel.* I did command my spirits to put on  
Satyres, and Nymphes to entertaine you first,  
Whiles other in the aire maintaing a quire  
For your delight : why doe you keepe such distance  
With one that loves you? recollect your selfe,  
Y ou came for pleasure, what doth fright my love ?  
See I am covetous to returme delight,

And satisfie your lustfull genius :

Come let us withdraw, and on the bed prepar'd  
Beget a race of smooth and wanton Divils----

*Lodw.* Hold, come not neare me ; ha? now I compare  
The circumstances, they induce me to  
A sad beliefe, and I had breath enough  
I would aske a question.

*Bel.* Any thing, and be  
Resolved.

*Lod.* How came *Grimundo* and your divelship  
Acquainted?

*Bel.* He hath beene my agent long,  
And hath deserv'd for his hypocrisie,  
And private faines, no common place in hell,  
Hee's now my favourite, and wee enjoy  
Each other daily ; but he never did  
By any service more endeere my love,  
Than by this bringing you to my acquaintance,  
Which I desir'd of him long since, with many  
And fierce solicite, but he urg'd his feare,  
You were not ripe enough in sinne for his  
Discovery.

*Lodw.* I feele my selfe dissolve

*The Grateful Servant.*

*In sweat.*

*Bel.* My Lord I must acknowledge, I  
Have ever had you in my first regard  
Of any mortall sinner, for you have  
The same propension with me, though with  
Leslie malice, spirits of the lower world  
Have severall offices assign'd ; some are  
To advance pride, some avarice, some wrath ;  
I am for lust, a gay voluptuous divell,  
Come lets embrace, for that I love my Lord,  
Doe, and command a regiment of hell,  
They all are at your service.

*Lod.* O my soule !

*Bel.* Beside my Lord, it is another mo'ive  
To honour you, and by my chaines which now  
I have left behind, it makes me grow enamour'd ;  
Your wife that saies her prayers at home, and weeps  
Away her sight ; O let me hug you for it,  
Dispise her vowes still, spurne her teares agen  
Into her eyes, thou shalt be Prince in hell,  
And have a Crowne of flames, brighter than that  
Which *Ariadne* weares of fixed starres ;  
Come shall we dally now ?

*Lod.* My bones within  
Are dust already, and I weare my flesh  
Like a loose upper garment.

*Bel.* Y'are afraid,  
Be not so pale at Liver, for I see  
Your blood turns coward, how would you be frighted  
To looke upon me cloath'd with all my horrour,  
That shudder at me now ? call up your spirit.

*Lod.* There are too many spirits here already,  
Would thou wert conjur'd, what shall I doe ?

*Bel.* What other than to bath your soule in pleasure,  
And never heard of ravishings ; we two  
Will progresse through the aire in *Venus* charret,  
And when her silver doves grow faint and tire,  
*Cupid* and *Mercury* shall lend us wings,

And

### *The Gratefull Servant.*

And we will visit new worlds when we are  
Weary of this, we both will backe the windes,  
And hunt the *Phœnix* through the *Arabian Deserts*,  
Her we will spoile of all her shining plumes,  
To make a blazing Coronet for thy Temples,  
Which from the earth beheld, shall draw up wonder,  
And puzzle learned Astronomy to distinguishe it  
From some new Constellation, the sea  
Shall yeeld us pastime, when enveloped  
With clouds blacker then night, we range about ;  
And when with stormes we overthrow whole navies,  
We'll laugh to heare the Mariner exclaime  
In many thousand shipwracks ; what doe I  
Urge these particulars ? let us be one soule,  
Aire, Earth, and Hell is yours.

*Edw.* I have a suit,  
But dare not speake.

*Bel.* Take courage, and from me  
Be confident to obtaine.

*Edw.* I am not well,  
The name of Dill came too quicke upon mee,  
I was not well prepar'd for such a sound,  
It turn'd my blood to ice, and I ha not  
Recovered so much warmth yet, to desire  
The sport I came for ; would you please but to  
Dismiss me for a time, I would returne  
When I have heate and strength enough for such  
A sprightfull action.

*Bel.* I doe finde your cunning,  
You pretend this excuse but to gaine time,  
In hope you may repent.

*Edw.* And please your Grace  
Not I.

*Bel.* You will acquaint some Priest or other,  
A tribe of all the world I most abhorre,  
And they will foole you with their Ghostly councell,  
Perplex you with some fond divinity,  
To make you lose the glories I have promis'd.

*Edw.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Lod.* I could never abide such melancholly people.

*Bel.* In this I must betray, we spirits have

No perfect knowledge of mens thoughts; I see  
Your bloods infeebled, and although my love  
Be infinite, and every minute I  
Shall languish in your absence, yet your health  
I must preserve, tis that feedes my hopes,  
Hereafter I shall perfectly enjoy thee;  
You will be faithfull, and returne.

*Lod.* Suspect not.

*Bel.* One kisse shall seale consent.

*Lod.* Her breath smels on brimstone.

*Bel.* When next we meet, like to the *Gemini*  
Weele twine our limbes in one another, till  
We appeare one creature in our active play,  
For this time Ile dismiss you— doe not pray,  
A spirit shall attend you.

(horour,

*Lod.* Doe not pray, when did I last? I know not, farewell  
He wants a wench that goes to the divell for her. *Exeunt.*

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**ACTUS 5, SCENA 1.**

*Enter Astella and Piero.*

*Ast.* Touch me not villains, piety defend me,  
Art thou a man, or have I all this while  
Converst with some ill Angell in the shape  
Of my Lords friend.

*Pier.* What needeth all this stirre,  
I urge your benefit.

*Astel.* To undoe my name,  
Nay soule for ever with one act.

*Pier.* One act;  
There be those Ladiees that have acted it  
A hundred times, yet thinks themselves as good  
Christians as other women, and doe carry  
As much opinion too for vertue,

K

*Astel.*

*The Grasefull Servant.*

*Aft.* Heaven.

*Pier.* What harme can there be in't, can you neglect  
Revenge so just, so easie, and delightfull?

*Aft.* Thy breath doth scatter an infection.

*Pier.* Scatter a toy, be wise, and lose no time,  
You know not when such opportunity  
May tempt you to't agen; for my owne part  
I can but doe you a pleasure in't, your blood  
Should neede no other argument.

*Aft.* Ile sooner

Empty my veines, not to redeeme thy soule,  
Should sinne betray mine honour to one loose  
Embrace: hence traitor, I doe feele corruption.  
I' thaire already, it will kill me if  
I stay: hereafter Ile not wonder how  
My Lord became so wicked.

*Pier.* You will leade me  
To soone more private roome, Ile follow Madam. *Exeunt*

*Enter Iacomo.*

*Jac.* More private roome said he? I smell a busynesse, I  
thought this gamiter had beeene gone, is it e'ne so, have at  
your burrough Madam, he's a shrewd Ferret I can tell you,  
and just in the nicke here comes the Warrener.

*Enter Lodwicke.*

*Lod.* This divell does not follow mee, nor any of her  
Cubs I hope, I'm glad I came off so well, I never was so hot  
to eugender with the Night-mare; could *Grimmundo* finde no  
other creature for my coupling but a *uccombus*, me thinks I  
smell the fiend still.

*Jac.* He talkes on her already.

*Lodw.* I am very jealous.

*Jac.* Not without a cause my Lord.

*Lod.* Ha? there she is agen.

*Jac.* No my Lord, she is new gone in to the withdrawing

*Lod.* Ha? who? who is gone?

*Jac.* A gentlewoman that you were late in company with.

*Lodw.* The Divell? looke well about you then, a spirit  
Of her constitution will set the houle on fire

*Initant.*

### *The Gratefull Servans.*

Instantly, and make a young hell on't, when  
Came she? I shall be everlastingly haunted  
With goblins, artsure thou sawest her?

*Iac.* Saw her, yes and him too.

*Lod.* Grimundo?

*Jac.* No not *Grimundo*, but I saw another gentleman  
That has beeene held a notable spirit,  
Familiar with her.

*Lodw.* Spirit and familiar.

*Jac.* Piero my Lord.

*Lodw.* Piero?

*Jac.* I wonot say what I thinke, but I thinke somewhat:  
And I know what I say, if she be a Divell, as she  
Can be little lesse, if she be as bad as I imagine,  
Some bodies head will ake for't, for mine owne  
Part I did but see and heare, that's all, and  
Yet I ha not told you halfe.

*Lod.* Let me collect, sure this fellow by th'circumstance  
Meanes *Astella*,: thou talkest all this while of my Lady,  
Doeſt not?

*Jac.* Yes my Lord, she is all the Ladies in the house;  
For my Lady and Mistris was sent for  
To the Abbey.

*Lod.* I had forgotten my ſelfe, this is new horror;  
Is my Lady and Piero ſo familiar faift, and  
In private?

*Jac.* What I have ſaid I have ſaid, and what they have  
Done they have done by thiſt time.

*Lod.* Done? and Ile be active too.

*Jac.* Shew what feates of activity you please, but  
I beleeye he hath vanilted into your ſaddle *Exit Lod.*  
Already---ſo ſo, now I am alone, which is, as  
The learned ſay, *Solus cum ſola*, I will entertaine  
Some honourable thoughts of my preferment. *Enter Piero*  
Hum, the gamſter is returned; what melancholy? then  
He has don't, Ile lay my head to a foolſcap on't,  
I was alwaies ſo my ſelfe after my caping.  
Did you not meeete the Prince ſir?

*The Grateful Servant.*

*Pier.* No, where is he?

*Iac.* He was here but now, and enquired how his Lady did, and I told him you could tell the state of her body better than I, for I thought you were gone in before him.

*Pier.* I did but see her.

*Iac.* Thats not the right on't, it runs for I did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her.

*Pier.* It was enough for me to kisse her hand.

*Iac.* And feele her pulse.

*Pier.* How Sir?

*Iac.* As a noble gentleman should Sir.

*Pier.* I am Inspected, I must turne this fooles discourse Another way, the present theame is dangerous:

What I heare say *Iacomo* your Lady is like to rise?

*Iac.* My Lady does rise as early as other Ladies doe that goe to bed late.

*Pier.* And there will be a notable preferment for you?

*Iac.* Tis very likely my Lady understands her selfe.

*Pier.* There is a whisper abroad.

*Iac.* Tis a good hearing.

*Pier.* What if she be married in this absence?

*Iac.* Very likely; I say nothing, but I thinke

I know my Ladies secrets for the triumph, as pageants, or running at tilt, you may heare more shortly, there may bee reasons of state to have things carried privately, they will breake out in bels and bonetries hereafter; what their Graces have intended for me I conceale.

*Pier.* He is wound up already.

*Iac.* You are a gentleman I shall take particular notice of.

*Pier.* I hope a man may get a place for himselfe or his friend for ready money.

*Iac.* Twere pitty of my life else, you shall command the first that fals, but you must fwear you came in without chaffering or buying; imagine it a plumpe Parsonage, or other Church-living, the oath will goe down the more easily. Divines make no scruple.

*Pier.* But what if after all this immagination of a marriage, fortune should forbid the banes?

*Iacomo.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Iac.* How? Fortune's a flut, and because she is a whore  
her selfe, would have no Lady marry and live honest.

*Enter Lodwicke.*

*Lodw.* Piero, wher's Piero?

*Pier.* Ha my Lord I ha don't.

*Lod.* Ha, what?

*Pier.* I ha pleas'd thy excellencie, and you had made  
more haste, you might a come to the fall a'th Deere, delicate  
Venison.

*Lodw.* Th'ast not enjoy'd her?

*Pier.* They talke of *Jupiter* and a golden shewer,  
Give me a *Mercury* with wit and tongue,  
He shall charme more Ladies on their backes,  
Than the whole bundle of gods pshev.

*Lod.* Shoote not so much compasse, be briefe and answer  
me; hast thou enjoy'd her?

*Pier.* I have, shall I fweare?

*Lod.* No, thou wilt be damn'd sufficiently without an  
oath; in the meane time I do meane to reward your nimble  
diligence: draw.

*Pier.* What dee meane?

*Iac.* And you be so sharpe set I doe meane to withdraw.

*Lod.* I do meane to cut your throat, or perish i'th attempt,  
you see your destiny, my birth and spirit wo'not let mee  
kill thee in the darke; draw and be circumspect.

*Pier.* Did not you engage me to it? have I done any thing  
but by your directions? my Lord.

*Lod.* Tis all one, my mind is altered I will see what com-  
plexion your heart bears; do not neglect my fury but guard  
your selfe discreetly, if I hit upon the right veine I may cure  
your disease a'th blood.

*Piero.* Hold, and there be no remedy, I will die better than  
I ha liv'd; you shall see Sir that I dare fight with you, and if I  
fall by your sword, my base consent to act y our will de-  
serves it.

*Lod.* Ha?

*Pier.* I finde your policy, and by this storme  
You'd prove my resolution, how boldly I

*The Gratefull Servant.*

Dare stand to't when this great  
Dishonour comes to question, prepare  
To be displeased---she is a miracle  
Of Chastity, impenetrable like  
A marble, she returned my sinfull arrowes,  
And they have wounded me; forgive me Lady.  
*Lod.* I prethee tell me true; now thou shalt sweare,  
Hast thou not don't.

*Piero.* Not by my hope of heaven,  
Which I had almost forfeited, had not she  
Releaved me with her vertue; in this trugh  
I dare resigne my breath.

*Lodw.* I dare beleeve thee:  
What did I see in her to doubt her firmnesse?

*Enter Jacomo and Astella.*

*Jac.* Here they are Madam, you doe not meane to  
Run upon their naked weapons.

*Lodw.* Piero thou shalt wonder.

*Ast.* What meanes my Lord?

*Lodw.* You shall know that anon;  
My Lady goe with me.

*Ast.* Whither you please,  
You shall not neede to force me sir, you may  
Lead me with goffamere, or the least thread  
The industr ious spider weaves.

*Jac.* Whimseyes our ibit foes.

*Pier.* What fury thus transport him at some distance,  
He follow him, he may intend some violence,  
She is too good to suffer, I shall grow  
In love with my conversion.

*Exit.*

*Jac.* Grow in love with a cokscomb, his last words  
Sticke on my stomacke still fortune forbid the banes  
Quotha, sild if fortune, should forbid the banes,  
And my Lady be not converted into a Dutchesse  
Where are all my offices?

Hum, where are they quoth J, J doe not know  
But of all tunes J shall hate fortune my foe.

*Recorders. Chaires prepared.*

*Exit.*

*Enter.*

*The Grateful Servant.*

*Enter Soranzo, Giotto.*

*Sor.* Know you not who they are my Lord this day  
Receive the habite?

*Gio.* I can meeke with no intelligence.

*Sor.* They are persons of some quality-

*Gio.* The Duke does meane to grace their ceremony.

*Sor.* He was invited by the Abbot to their clothing.

*Gio.* which must be in private too, heare in his lodgings.

*Sor.* Well we shall not long expect 'em, his grace enters.

*Enter Duke, Grimundo.*

*Gris.* It helpt much that he never saw my wife.

*Duk.* Dost thinke 'twill take?

*Gris.* There's some hope my Lord already,  
And heaven may prosper it.

*Duke.* We cannot endeere thee to thy merit.

*Sor.* How the Duke embraces him.

*Enter Cleona attended.*

*Duk.* Cleona you are welcome, tis a blest  
Occasion that makes us meeke so happily.

*Cleon.* It pleas'd my Lord Abbot to invite me hither.

*Duk.* I appear'd too upon his friendly summons,  
Weele thanke him for this presence.

*Sor.* The Abbot enters.

*Enter the Abbot, attended with religious men, having  
bowed to the Duke, he taketh a chaire, being late, Valen-  
tio goes out, and presently enters, leading Foscari and  
Dulcino in St. Bennet's habit, he presents them, they  
kneele at the Abbots feete.*

*Abb.* Speake your desire.

*Fosc.* Wee kneele to be received into the number  
Of those religious men that dedicate  
Themselves to heaven i'th habit of St. Benet,  
And humbly pray that you would rectifie  
And teach our weake devotion the way  
To imitate his life, by giving us  
The precepts of your order.

*Abbott.*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

*Abbot.* Let me tell you,  
You must take heede the ground of your resolue  
Be perfect ; yet looke backe into the spring  
Of your desires, religious men should be  
Tapers, first lighted by a holy beame:  
Meteors may shime like stars, but are not constant.

*Fosc.* We cover not the blaze, which a corrupt  
And slimy matter may advance, our thoughts  
Are flam'd with charity.

*Ab.* Yet ere you embarke,  
Thinke on your hard adventure, there is more  
To be examin'd beside your end,  
And the reward of such an underraking ;  
You looke on heauen a farre off, like a land-skip,  
Whether wilde thoughts like your imperfect eye,  
Without examination of those wates,  
Oblique and narrow are transported, but  
I' th walke and triall of the difficulties  
That interpose, you tire like inconsiderate  
And weary Pilgrims.

*Fosc.* We desire to know  
The rules of our obedience.

*Abb.* They will startle  
Your resolutions : can your will, not us'd  
To any Law beside it selfe, permit  
The knowledge of severe and positive limits ?  
Submit to be controul'd, employ'd sometime  
In servile offices, against the greatnesse  
Of your high birth and sufferance of nature ?  
Can you, forgetting all youthfull desire,  
And memory of the worlds betraying pleasures,  
Checke wanton heate, and consecrate your blood  
To Chastity, and holy solitude ?

*Sor.* I woonot be religious *Giotto*.

*Giot.* Nor I, upon these termes I pitty em.

*Ab.* Can you quit all the glories of your state,  
Resigne your titles and large wealth, to live  
Poore and neglected, change high food and surfets

*The Gratefull Servants.*

For a continual fasting, your downe beds  
For hard and humble lodging, your guile roofes  
And galleries for melancholly Cell,  
The paterne of a grave, where, stead of musike  
To charme you into slumbers, to be wak'd  
With the sad chiming of the facring bell;  
Your robes, whose cashely, harcycyd,  
Invention, and the Silke-worme to adorne you,  
Your blaze of Jewels, that your pride have warne  
To burne out envies eyes, must be no more  
Your ornament, but course, and rugged cloathing  
Harrow your skinnes, these and many more  
Unkinde austerties will much offend  
Your tender constitution; yet consider.

*Duke.* He does insist much on their state and honour?  
May we not know 'em yet?

*Val.* One of them sir.  
Doth owe this character.

*Gives him a paper.*

*Du.* It is *Foscari*,  
I finde his noble purpose, he is perfect :  
I honour thee young man, she must not see  
This paper.

*Gives another paper.*

*Val.* This doth speake the other sir.  
*Du.* Tis at large---ha--- *Grimando* I prethee read,  
I dare not credit my owne eyes : *Leonora*,  
So it begins, *Leonora*.

*Grim.* *Leonora*, daughter to the late *Gonzaga*, Duke  
Of *Milan*, fearing she should be compelled to marry  
Her Uncle, in the habite of a Page, and the conduct  
Of Father *Valensio*, came to *Savoy*, to try the  
Love and honour of his Excellence, who once  
Solicited by his Embassador---

*Du.* No more, I am exasled,  
If so much blessing may be met at once.  
Ile doe my heart that justice to proclaim  
Thou hadst a deepe impression, as a boy  
I lov'd thee too, for it could be no other,  
But with a Divine flame, faire *Leonora*.

I.

Like

## The Grateful Servant

Like to a perfect magnet, though inclos'd  
With an Ivory boxe, through the white walls  
Shot forth imbracing vertue: now, oh now,  
Our Destinies are kind.

*Fosc.* This is a mystery, *Dulcino*?

*Leon.* No my Lord, I am discovered;  
You see *Leonora* now, a *Millan* Lady,  
If I may hope your pardon--

*Du.* Love and honour  
Thou doest enrich my heart: *Cleona* reads  
And enteraine the happynesse to which  
Thy Fate predelin'd thee, whilst I obey  
Mine here.

*Cleon.* How, my Lord *Foscari*?  
If he be living, I must dye before  
This separation be confirm'd; my joy  
Doth overcome my wonder, can you leave  
The world whilst I am in't?

*Fosc.* Dear't *Leonora*!  
Then willingly I dispence with my intention,  
And if the Duke have found another Mistris,  
It shall be my devotion to pray heere,  
And my religion to honour thee.

*Ab.* Many blessing's crowne  
This union.

*Fosc.* Your pardon gracious Princesse  
I did impose too much.

*Leon.* I studied  
To be your grateful servent, as your selfe  
Unto the faire *Cleona*; we are all happy.

Enter *Lodwicke*, *Astella*, and *Piero*.  
*Lod.* They'r here; by your leave brother, my Lord Abbot,  
Witnesse enough.

*Du.* Why thus kneels *Lodwicke*?

*Lod.* To make confession brother, and beg heavens,  
And every good mans pardon, for the wrong  
I ha done this excellent Lady, whom my soule  
New marries, and may heaven ha doe not hold.

*The Gratefull Servant.*

A Justice backe : *Grimundo* is a traytor,  
Take heede on him, and say your prayers, he is  
The Divels grand soliciter for soules.  
He hath not such another cunning engine  
I' th world to raine vertue.

*Grim.* I my Lord?

*Lodw.* You are no hypocrite : he does every night  
Lye with a *Succubus*, he brought me to one,  
Let him deny it ; but heaven had pitty on me.

Enter *Belinda*.

Ha ! there she is ; doe you not see her ? *Divell*.  
I doe defie thee, my Lord stand by me,  
I will be honest spight of him and thee,  
And lye with my owne wife.

*Giot.* Sure the Prince is mad.

*Duke.* Orise most noble Lady, well deserving  
A statuē to record thy vertue.

*Lodw.* Ha ?

*Duke.* This is *Grimundo's* wife,

*Lod.* 'Tis to my Lord.

*Bel.* No *Divell*, but the servant of your vertue,  
That shall rejoice if we have thriv'd in your  
Conversion.

*Ab.* I hope it.

*Lod.* Have I bin mockt into honesty? are not you a fury?  
And you a flye and subtile Epicure ?

*Grim.* I doe abhorre the thoughts of being so,  
Pardon my seeming Sir.

*Ab.* O goe not backe,  
Prevent thus seafanable your reall torment.

*Lodw.* I am fully wakned, be this kisse the Pledge  
Of my new heart.

*Pi.* True love streme in your bosomes ;  
Lady forgive me too.

*Ab.* Most willingly.

*Duke.* Our joy is perfect : *Lodwicks* salute  
A sister in this Lady *Leonora*,

*The*

*The Gratefull Servant.*

The object of our first love, take the story  
As we returne: Lord Abbots we must thankes  
You for contriving this; and you good Pucher,  
Embassadors shall be dispatchet to Milan,  
To acquaint 'em where, and how their absent Princeff  
*Leonora* hath dispos'd her selfe, meant while,  
Poets shall stretch invention, to exprefie  
Triumphes for thee, and *Savoyers* happeineſſe,

*Exequi Orationes*

**FINIS.**

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